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THE NEW REPUBLIC

July 26, 1980

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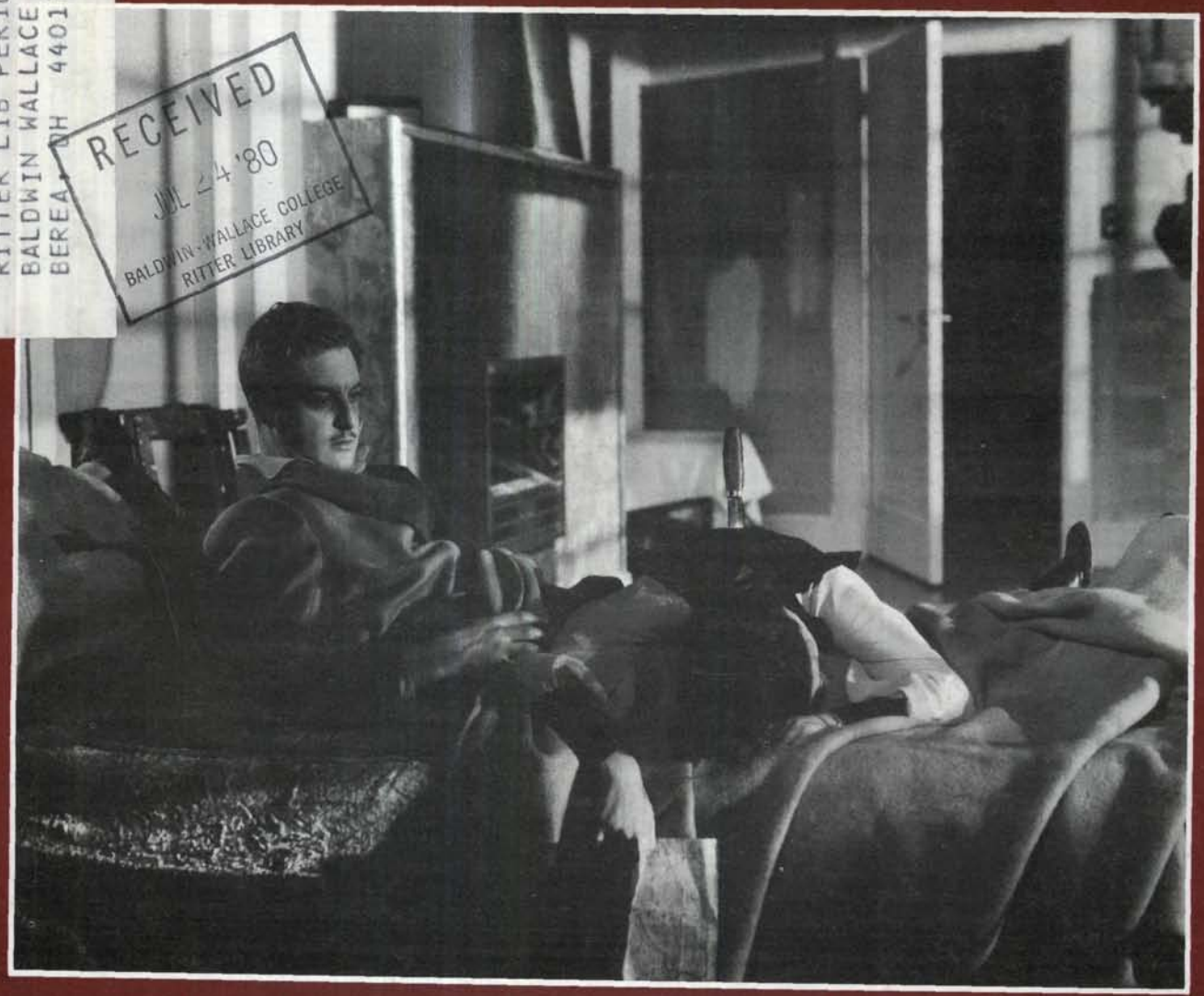

Mark Crispin Miller on Alfred Hitchcock

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TRB

from Detroit
July 26, 1980

Dull, Dull, Dull

I am perched in a TV observation booth, stuck like a barn swallow's nest under the rafters of the gigantic amphitheater, looking through a plate glass window on a tumult of color 100 feet below. Affluent Republicans and dowagers with blue-rinse hairdos skip and prance to express their love for Ronald Reagan, the gee-whiz kid from California. It is the gaudiest show America produces—bunting, balloons, and bombast. Every four years I say to hell with it, and then come back again (with the ghost of H. L. Mencken) disgusted and enthralled and trying to figure out what makes it work. Across the river from Detroit, by tunnel, is Canada, where elections last only five weeks and 75 percent of the voters vote. Here the election lasts a couple of years, and only about 55 percent vote. After a couple of tribal jamborees like this, you can't tell for the life of you whether it is a heartwarming demonstration of democracy or a media monster. The delegates down there don't know either. They haven't been able to hear the speeches right in front of them, and some TV team is always interviewing somebody in the aisle. We have a better view up here in our aerie on our TV screen (as you have had, too, in your living room at home). We can hear the words; we can feel the heartbreak, too, when a second-team speaker who has practiced his masterpiece before the mirror for a month is cut off by the networks, which switch to a coffee commercial or to a camera team on the convention floor for a hot tip on the vice presidency—about which unimportant matter never was so much written and spoken so repetitiously.

And the platform expresses shock at the Russians but wants the grain embargo lifted to help patriotic farmers; the platform is a throwback, some of it hard to believe. It is against gun control; it is against a 55-mile-per-hour speed limit; it calls for a constitutional amendment against abortion; it slaps the Supreme Court and promises to work for judges more sensitive to innocent human life; it wants to restore school prayer; it has dropped 40 years of support for the Equal Rights Amendment. The platform hurries over nonperson Nixon, but actually mentions him at one or two points (unlike the 1976 platform). Oddly enough, there is nothing in the platform about mandatory registration of four million young men for the draft, but Reagan's against it, and may benefit politically from its unpopularity.

What does anybody really know about Ronald Reagan—as a future president, that is? Our custom is to select a chief executive first and find out about him later, as we did with Carter. My impression is that Reagan will win. Walter Heller thinks unemployment will rise to nine percent around October. That probably will do in Jimmy Carter.

The polls show the Democrats in danger. You see evidence of it everywhere in Detroit—the eight-cylinder auto capital with a flat tire. On the way to the amphitheater you pass a dealer's lot filled with big, unsold Cadillacs, bumper to bumper. They should be sparkling in the driveway of some exclusive country club; instead they sit here gloomily covered with dust. Detroit overstayed the big-car market, though that isn't the way Reagan puts it: "The problems weren't made in Japan or Europe," he said in an airport statement, "but in Washington, with expensive regulations, misallocation of fuel supplies and credit controls." It's always the bureaucrats, never the businessmen. The city is in desperate financial straits. One in four auto workers is out of work; it is worse for blacks, and Detroit is 60 percent black. Less than half the blacks voted four years ago (90 percent for Carter) and the percentage may be down this year. At the Republican convention, incidentally, blacks make up three percent of the delegates; for the Democrats it will be 12 percent.

So that's the convention, the dullest in memory. Delegates don't pick candidates anymore; they decide whether the party will be moderate-conservative or conservative-conservative. Only two questions remain: is the country really veering right? As unemployment grows, won't it demand radical action? And secondly, who *is* Ronald Reagan? We have the folksy, attractive, elderly crinkly-eyed movie actor and successful governor. Is he up to his new role? Does he know anything? Is he as shallow as a pie plate? I don't know. I hope not. His record in California wasn't bad. He was a nine-to-five, chairman-of-the-board governor. He might try to bring back Eisenhower's leisurely pace or the Coolidge afternoon snooze. But that's silly. Events accelerate their pace every year and grow more awesome.

Bringing Reagan to Detroit on the chartered jet, *New York Times*man Howell Raines interviewed him: had he really once said that the progressive income tax, which taxes higher incomes more than lower incomes, was "a system spawned by Karl Marx"?

"Well, it was," the presidential candidate replied firmly. "He was the first one who thought of it." Next question.

Taped for showing on CBS-TV "60 Minutes" on the eve of the election, Reagan declared that he expected Moscow "to throw a few bones to Mr. Carter during the coming campaign to help him continue as president." Hmm. Reagan thinks Moscow will aid Carter—a bald imputation of a sinister intrusion. It may be an interesting campaign.

Reagan's staff work is execrable for reasons nobody can understand. He apparently never received the invitation to address the recent NAACP gathering in Miami which other candidates addressed. On the whole Reagan seems even less familiar with Washington procedure than was Carter when he first came here. Ours is indeed a singular method of selecting presidential candidates.

(Note: this column last week incorrectly said that 18- to 20-year-old youths would receive government notification to register for a possible draft. There will be no personal notification. Youths must act on their own.)

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Correspondence

Women's blues

To the editors:

It seems Maggie Scarf is writing for the acceptance of male editors, as she must ("Women and Depression," *TNR*, July 5 & 12). She is dealing with the separate but unequal deck of cards with which all women must deal. To try desperately to give a biological reason for greater depression among women who must walk smaller circles in their struggles from birth to death than men must is similar to saying the sadness in the music of American blacks is due to the color of their skin.

Comically, she hinges it all on the fact that working wives are just as prone to depression as stay-at-homes. The first get a glimpse of the sky, the second never dream of it.

Martha B. Graham
Natchitoches, Louisiana

Cuba and Puerto Rico

To the editors:

In discussing Cuban refugees in the May 24 issue, TRB and the editorial ("A Half Opened-Door") did not mention the comparable influx of Puerto Ricans into the continental United States. There have been about one and a half million of these Puerto Ricans, in comparison with about 800,000 Cubans. Since the population of Puerto Rico is only about one-third that of Cuba, the number of Puerto Ricans who have fled their native island is proportionately five times the number who have fled Castro's Cuba to come to the United States. If it is true, as is widely assumed by the media in the United States, that the Cubans fled because of an oppressive or incompetent government at home, are we to assume that the Puerto Ricans fled because of a fivefold more oppressive or incompetent government than Castro's? It is obvious that economic distress has been chiefly responsible for Puerto Rican, Cuban, and other Latin American emigrations into the United States.

If Cuba were a prosperous nation and its people were prosperous, relatively few Cubans would be deserting their homeland. Yet the United States, which is now bogged down in the Cuban refugee problem, has been doing everything in its power, since the time of John Foster Dulles, to destroy the Cuban economy and to prevent the Cubans from being prosperous. The best way for the United States to begin solving the Cuban refugee problem would be to try to woo Cuba away from the Soviets by helping Cuba build up a prosperous economy. An imaginative, courageous, constructive, and prompt approach to the entire Cuban problem certainly would be more effective in solving even the messy refugee problem than is the Carter administration's stubborn adherence to the clearly ineffective, even disastrous, old Dulles policy of *Cuba delenda est.*

George Williams
Rice University
Houston, Texas

Black leadership

To the editors:

I found your comments about black leadership in America distressing, yet true (Washington Diarist, *TNR*, June 21). You hit at the core of my dissatisfaction, which I am sure other blacks share, with these leaders. Our so-called black leadership is, indeed, a motley band of do-nothings more interested in grabbing headlines than addressing the urban agony.

Jimmy Carter is no whit better. He simply ignores the nation's black population. I wonder what's taking black leadership so long to figure this out. For the most part, it has lined up behind Carter and his Georgia Mafia, endorsing all their misguided urban policies. Carter, Hooks, Lowery, et al. do make strange bedfellows. My only concern is: who's screwing whom?

Justice B. Hill
The Cincinnati Enquirer
Cincinnati, Ohio

Military humiliations

To the editors:

One is tempted to sympathize with the armed forces ("Son of Sad Sack," *TNR*, July 5 & 12) in their inability to attract suitable recruits to the all-volunteer army, but to those who remember how the army carelessly abused manpower when they had the draftees, it will take something more than a promise to do better before we will support a resumption of conscription.

Draftees were abused trivially in needless waiting and daily humiliation, and they were abused grossly in being sent to Vietnam in a war based on some very shaky premises. There would have been no major Vietnam involvement if military and political leaders had not had a massive pool of forced manpower.

Most veterans probably remember and resent the trivial humiliations more than the gross misuse of their lives. The memory of waiting hours in the hot sun to draw an item of equipment, only to wait to turn it in again the next day, multiplied into dozens of similar experiences, is only slightly blurred by time. I can remember being one of a detail of six soldiers who spent a week moving furniture. When we counted noses, there were eight college degrees among the six men. No private business could afford such waste.

Two generations of young people have grown up hearing such tales, and it is not surprising that the military is their last employment choice.

John J. Bowen
Orland Park, Illinois

Go for brokers

To the editors:

In Nicholas von Hoffman's otherwise pleasant review of several recent books on the stock market ("I Want to Be Me and Rich," *TNR*, June 21) I detected a certain subtle vitriol directed at stockbrokers—that is, if one regards as subtle such terms as "idiot" and "imbecile." It appears that von Hoffman may be succumbing to a sort of kill-the-messenger psychology which we takers of buy and sell orders have found all too common among the less informed of our clients. When such clients make good investments, they lay the credit to their own genius and careful industry. When they pick a dog or stay too long with a short-distance horse, however, it is their broker's fault. Thank heavens for the growing ranks of clients who can accept advice without surrendering responsibility for their investment choices. Perhaps after reviewing a few more books on the subject von Hoffman will be ready to join them.

JoAnn McKenna Steiger
Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith
Los Angeles, California

The editors welcome correspondence from TNR's readers. Letters intended for publication should include the correspondent's full name, address, and telephone number, should be typed double-spaced, and held to under 200 words. Longer letters may be abridged due to lack of space.

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Cover: scene from The Thirty-Nine Steps. *Article on page 27.*

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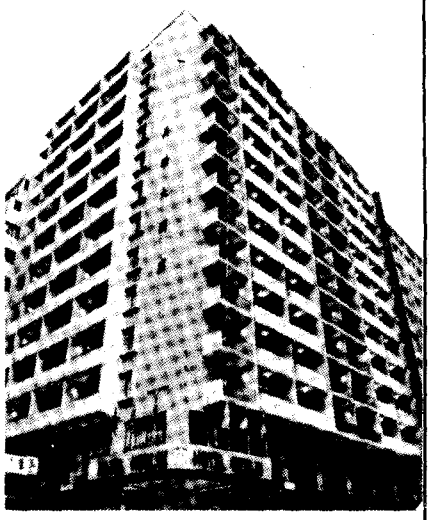

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

July 26, 1980

Exhaust Fumes

The best thing one can say for President Carter's new proposals to help the auto industry is that they will be mostly harmless. Carter unveiled the package with great fanfare in Detroit on July 8, in an early morning media event designed to upstage the conventioneering Republicans across town and exhibit his concern for conditions in what has become the unemployment capital of the US. He was flanked by the vice president, some top advisers, and representatives of the Big Three auto makers and the UAW, all of whom warmly endorsed the plan. But there wasn't much to endorse. The plan represented no perceptible shift in administration policy, and it promised no substantial help to the industry. Carter deserves credit for resisting demands from Ford, Chrysler, and the UAW for quotas on Japanese imports, a measure that would hurt American consumers and the national economy without doing much good for the industry (see "The Import Invasion," *TNR*, March 15). But his rhetoric about creating a "close-knit, permanent partnership" between the government and the industry raised the possibility of an eventual capitulation on the import question.

By now the plight of the US auto industry is well known. Chrysler would be bankrupt by now were it not for a federal bailout. Ford lost $473 million in the US in the first quarter of this year. Even General Motors has been forced to cut its dividend. More than 300,000 auto workers—30 percent of the workforce—are unemployed. The problems began with last year's gasoline shortage, which overnight dried up the demand for big cars and spurred many consumers into buying small, fuel-efficient imports. Imports now total 28 percent of all new car sales in the US (up from 18 percent two years ago) and 80 percent of these are Japanese. But a bad situation became a full-fledged disaster this spring, when the administration's credit controls decimated the new car market. Normally the US auto industry sells more than nine million cars a year. This year sales are running at an annual rate of less than five and a half million. Most of the damage is due to the current recession, but the industry (except GM) and the UAW prefer to blame the Japanese.

Some of the measures Carter announced in Detroit would have been taken eventually, and probably won't make much difference in the short run anyway—such as relaxing an emission standard aimed at protecting air in high-altitude areas, and instructing the EPA to speed up its consideration of some waivers on some emission standards. The president also said he would ask the International Trade Commission to accelerate its ruling on whether or not the US industry has been hurt by imports, meaning he should get a decision in October instead of December. If the ITC finds some injury, Carter then will have the power to restrict Japanese imports, but administration officials are careful to insist that such a move is not a foregone conclusion. In addition, Carter ordered the Treasury Department to finish a study of the auto industry's depreciation code by the end of the year, with an eye to letting it write off some old equipment faster. This last change would provide immediate help only to GM, since it is the only one of the Big Three which is making any money right now, and therefore the only one with any taxes to pay. But GM doesn't really need help. The administration says its regulatory changes will save the industry $500 million, but industry analysts say that estimate is unrealistically high.

The other major component of the plan is money. Carter said that he would channel $50 million in funds from the Economic Development Administration to cities and companies severely hurt by the auto industry slump. There is no reason to think the money will be spent wisely, since EDA's programs are famous for their abuses, but the gesture should boost Carter's sagging political stock among those affected. Likewise Carter's proposal to broaden the coverage of the extravagant Trade Adjustment Assistance Act should

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be seen mostly as a way to offset some of the political damage caused by his recession. The most brazen of Carter's quick fixes, however, is a special Small Business Administration subsidized loan program for minority-owned car dealers. Like most of the SBA's minority programs, this one is bound to benefit only those minority-group members who already are solidly into the middle class.

Even without this help, the industry is probably past the worst of its troubles. Ford and Chrysler will introduce new small cars in the fall, and GM will unveil its new line next spring. By 1983 Detroit's small car capacity will be five times what it is today. Some immediate relief also is in sight. The lifting of credit controls and the beginning of the nation's economic recovery should mean the Big Three's new car sales will pick up by the end of the year. Thanks to a rise in the yen against the dollar, Japanese cars will become more expensive and hence less popular.

But the crucial question hasn't been answered yet: will Carter cut back imports, either through a formal import quota or by persuading the Japanese to "voluntarily" reduce their sales here? Either would amount to protectionism, and either would be costly and futile. Any constraint on imports would raise the price of both foreign and domestic cars—the first because consumers would bid up the price on the dwindling supply of imports, the second because the Big Three would enjoy a respite from Japanese price competition. Reducing imports would force potential car buyers to choose between keeping the old gas-guzzler and buying a new American car which gets lower mileage than its Japanese counterpart. The result: higher gasoline consumption. Worst of all, this protectionism wouldn't even help American workers. Detroit is already selling all the small cars it can produce and it won't be able to rehire all those unemployed auto workers until it has enough small-car capacity to employ them. So far Carter has resolutely resisted the pressure to punish the Japanese for providing Americans with what they want. But the toughest test will come between now and November.

White House Watch

Campaign Money

One of the problems that the President has discussed at recent meetings with White House assistants and Carter-Mondale committee officials who are working for his renomination and reelection is the ability of theoretically independent expenditure committees to add millions of dollars to the $29.4 million in federal money that will be available to finance Ronald Reagan's general election campaign for the presidency. The same amount of federal money will be available to the Carter-Mondale reelection campaign if and after the President and his vice president are renominated at the Democratic convention in August. Their federal financing will be supplemented with expenditures of money and volunteer effort by labor union and other friendly political action committees. But there are important differences between that support and the extra support being mobilized for Reagan.

Labor and corporate political action committees are specifically authorized, subject to some limitations, in federal election laws. The assumption is that these "PACs" do not subvert the basic intention to minimize private and possibly corrupting influence upon presidential election campaigns by financing those campaigns with public money and severely restricting contributions to candidates who accept public support. Whether the independent expenditure committees that alarm the President and are gearing up to support the Reagan ticket are also sanctioned in law is debatable. Their founders and attorneys rely upon three things. Sections of the two principal election laws, the Federal Election Campaign Act and the Federal Campaign Fund Act of 1975, may be read to sanction them under heavy restrictions. The Federal Election Commission did not question the basic legitimacy of these expenditure committees for four years. And the US Supreme Court ruled that the original campaign act's flat prohibition of private, supplementary contributions to presidential candidates who accept public financing abridged constitutional free-speech rights. Congress amended the law to modify the prohibition and get around the court finding. Now, in response to Carter and associated complaints and presumably to its own misgivings, the FEC is asking the federal district court in Washington for judgments that, if upheld, would put the expenditure committees out of business.

A participant in the discussions that led to the Carter complaint is Lloyd Cutler, a Washington attorney who joined the White House staff as the President's chief counsel last year. Cutler and others who attend the President's campaign planning sessions are careful to make them seem unofficial, lest they be thought to violate either good taste or legal restrictions upon federal employees' partisan political work. The early meetings were held at the home of Frank Moore, the Georgian who is the chief White House lobbyist. Now they occur in the executive mansion living quarters. Moore, domestic policy adviser Stuart Eizenstat, staff chief (now deputy campaign chairman) Hamilton Jordan, press secretary and general adviser Jody Powell, Cutler, and others could always say in any week that they'd put in more than 40 hours at their paid jobs before they attended the political sessions. When the independent expenditure problem came up, Cutler spoke with special authority. As attorney for the League of Women Voters, he defended the con-

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stitutionality of the public funding provisions of the campaign laws in the case that led to the Supreme Court finding. As attorney for Common Cause, he defended the amended provisions in a later suit brought by the Republican National Committee. His, the President's, and others' expressions of concern resulted in the filing July 2 of a massive complaint with the FEC by the Carter-Mondale campaign committee. It asked the commission to find five of the Reagan expenditure committees in violation of federal election laws; to withhold public campaign funds from the Reagan ticket until the disputed issues are settled; and to deduct sums contributed to the expenditure committees for Reagan's benefit from the federal money otherwise available to him.

In a suit prepared by Cutler's former law firm (he has retired), Common Cause took aim at one of the two newest and most interesting expenditure committees. Common Cause asked the US district court in Washington to find Americans for Change, an organization established June 5 by Senator Harrison Schmitt of New Mexico, in violation of the federal campaign funding act. Schmitt, a former astronaut who landed on the moon in 1972, says his organization's first purpose is "to increase citizen participation in the 1980 presidential election," but always acknowledges in his formal statements that AFC's endeavors "will benefit former Governor Ronald Reagan." Schmitt said at the introductory press conference that AFC hopes to raise between $20 and $30 million, an estimate that officials of other committees think is unrealistically high. Another new committee is Americans for an Effective Presidency. It was principally conceived and founded by Peter Flanigan, a former Nixon assistant, and Thomas Reed, a former Republican national committeeman from California. Reed was the chairman of Reagan's campaign for governor in 1970. Several other Reagan associates are or were associated with AEP. This is one of the many circumstances which the Carter-Mondale complaint cites in support of its claim that all of these outfits—the complaint names five of them—are interlocked in either their conservative purposes, their directorates, or both. Flanigan said in announcing AEP that it has three aims—to rid the country of Jimmy Carter, elect Ronald Reagan, and elect congressmen who will vote for Reagan if John Anderson's independent candidacy throws the election into the House of Representatives. Flanigan estimated the likely take at anywhere from three to eight million dollars and indicated that most of it will be spent for television ads and other promotion in support of Reagan. When he was asked if AEP's campaign material will be "negative" in tone, he said it will be negative only if an accurate recital of the Carter record is negative.

The FEC in its court suit named AFC, AEP, and one of the older expenditure committees, the Fund for a Conservative Majority. The commission had previously asked the court to dismiss the Common Cause suit, on the ground that the issues raised by the suit should be considered and resolved by the commission before they are taken up in the courts. In its own suit the FEC asked the court to find that a key statutory limitation is constitutional and applies to the expenditure committees, and to rule AFC, AEP, and FCM specifically in violation of the election laws. The major limitation that FEC now wants to apply to the expenditure committees would in effect keep each of them from spending more than $1,000 in support of Reagan. The Carter-Mondale complaint, drawing from press reports that may have exaggerated, said that the planned expenditures of five committees could total $50 million.

Issues larger than campaign arithmetic are involved. There can be no doubt that these "independent" activities and expenditures circumvent if they do not wholly subvert the intent of public funding of presidential election campaigns to free the candidates from reliance upon private contributors. And yet—may individuals, including union and corporate individuals, be deprived of a right to promote candidates of their choice? The Supreme Court has said that they may not be so deprived. That finding, more than any other single thing, is what the expenditure committees supporting Reagan rely upon.

John Osborne

Politics

The GOP Light Show

Detroit

As this is written, your television set is still rattling after the excitement of Ford night at the Republican National Convention. So I don't know all the details of why the Compact of Renaissance Center collapsed. But the circumstantial evidence reflects well on Ronald Reagan—or at least on his willingness to go to great lengths to compromise in order to win the presidency, but not so far as to impair his ability to exercise the powers of the office. The episode does not reflect so well on Gerald Ford and those advising him. He was apparently willing to sacrifice his retirement to serve his party and nation only at a high price of controlling a large chunk of the government. One Reagan aide commented afterward: "All Reagan would have had left was the Bureau of Indian Affairs." Ford wasn't content to do his negotiating in private, but went on television with Walter Cronkite to press his terms publicly and to warn Reagan bluntly that he (Ford) has a lot of friends in Washington who might make life difficult for Reagan if their agreement was not lived up to. And to top it off, Ford apparently demanded that the compact be put in writing—suggesting that trust and understanding

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wouldn't be sufficient between the president and his veep.

The Republican chieftains who tried to arrange the Reagan-Ford agreement—led by GOP chairman Bill Brock—deserve credit for trying. They would have had a classy ticket had they succeeded, one which probably would have demolished the candidacy of John Anderson and put the GOP team 30 or 40 points ahead of Carter. It would have undermined some of the issues Carter might use against Reagan—lack of Washington experience, absence of foreign policy training—and it would have attracted hundreds of thousands of voters to the GOP who regret having voted for Carter in 1976 instead of Ford.

It would have been a dream ticket but an awful arrangement for governing. No marriage agreement can supersede the US Constitution, and that document vests executive power in one president of the United States, not two. Ford served notice in the Cronkite interview that he planned to continue campaigning for the ERA despite the GOP platform and Reagan's opposition. What would have happened if he found Reagan's SALT position too rigid? As the 1976 campaign showed, Reagan and Ford have differences in outlook and don't really like each other. Disagreements were bound to occur, and with Ford granted the authority of informal co-president, the two might well have let their administration in for the same speaking-with-many-voices problems that have plagued the Carter administration.

Politically, George Bush may not be Gerald Ford, but he's a reasonable second choice. He, too, makes the GOP ticket seem moderate, though in fact Bush is simply a hawk with a pedigree. Bush, too, will undercut Anderson, will permit the GOP to mount a northern industrial state strategy against Carter, and will keep the GOP unified. Perhaps the Bush choice is even more unifying than Ford would have been, since GOP conservatives even last Wednesday night were on the verge of apoplexy at the prospect that Ford might bring in Henry Kissinger as secretary of state. The right thought that its boy had been captured by the Trilateral Commission and might well have decided to boycott the 1980 election.

So the ticket makes much more sense than Reagan-Ford. Bush is a grown-up Boy Scout, ever trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, etc., and very clean and reverent. He will salute whenever his leader commands and will carry out whatever chores his master assigns, however menial. Since Reagan and his wife don't much like Bush, his duties may not be substantial, but at least there will be no messy disagreements in a Reagan White House.

The Ford boom added the one missing ingredient to what was otherwise a beautifully crafted television show—drama. Watching the convention on TV, voters must have been tempted to think: well, things being as bad as they are with the Democrats in power, maybe it's okay to give the Republicans a chance. They did let Benjamin Hooks of the NAACP address their convention, didn't they? They didn't boo Kissinger or kick any liberals out of the party. They did jeer delegates who stayed loyal to John Anderson, but that's permissible, since John Anderson hasn't been loyal himself. These Republicans really seem to care about the unemployed. Jack Kemp, supposedly a big right winger, said some powerful things. "This is the choice before Americans in 1980. We can have growth, expansion, hope, and opportunity for our nation, our cities, our neighborhoods and our children. Or we can have contraction, suffering, and austerity—with the bitter, searing social divisiveness that these conditions bring." This is Republican? Its tone of compassion sounds almost liberal Democrat.

And you might be tempted to think, too: it will be hard to swallow Ronald Reagan as president, considering where he's coming from ideologically, but he did pick Bush. He does intend to campaign for blue-collar votes and not stick to the country clubs. He seems like a temperate man, a nice guy. And the Republicans are right: we can't stand four more years of Jimmy Carter.

But if you weren't watching television, but were actually in Detroit, if you read the Republican platform, and if you talked to some of the people who got little or no TV time, you would have to conclude that what was on the tube was a facade, a light show designed to remake the image of the GOP. The Republican reality is still hard-core conservative. Consider the delegates who represented the core of the party: 98 percent white, 68 percent men, over 40 percent with incomes over $50,000, and only two percent earning less than $10,000. Such people aren't necessarily devoid of compassion or frozen in old ideas, but the majority this year were people who loved Ronald Reagan in 1968 and 1976 and who loved Barry Goldwater before him, in the days when concern about workers and the poor was not in fashion.

These conservatives seemed like a harmless lot on television, with their funny hats and happy faces. And they comported themselves respectably in Detroit, remembering the lessons of 1964. But Reagan's 1980

Coming Next Week:

The Soviets and Ethiopia.

•

Born-Again Boondoggle.

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drawing by Vint Lawrence

primary victories have given these people powerful leverage in the party at state and local levels, where they are certain to edge aside such moderates as there are.

It's true that Jesse Helms looked irrelevant on television, unable to force the selection of a fellow rightist as Reagan's running mate. However, the hard right did veto serious consideration of Howard Baker on grounds of his heresy on the issues of the Panama Canal and abortion. And the new right, I think, is destined to become an increasingly important influence in the GOP. It is well financed, well organized, and now infused with hundreds of thousands of new soldiers from suddenly politicized fundamentalist Christian sects.

The right was prevailed upon to settle for excision of the GOP's 40-year commitment to the ERA from the party platform, but actually it had the votes to write in a harshly anti-ERA plank. It got its way entirely on abortion. The 1980 platform endorses a constitutional amendment banning abortion and calls for appointment of federal judges on the basis of their views on abortion. The "pro-family" movement is undoubtedly motivated by morality, but the practical effect of its policies will be to force poor women to visit back-alley abortionists while rich women fly off to France or Japan to end unwanted pregnancies. The new right is not led by libertarian conservatives, but by authoritarians bent on forcing everyone in society to observe their ethical codes. They don't run the country yet, but they showed their power in Detroit and they are likely to pressure a Reagan administration to support their aims and help them elect their candidates.

The case for pressure on Reagan was stated this way by Howard Phillips, the Washington-based conservative activist: "Reagan is a moderate Republican, not a hard-core conservative. Reagan has preferences, clearly, but he doesn't have commitments. He's influenced by people who are not part of the new right, who are veterans of the wars gone by, not the wars to come. I do not expect that conservatives will be happy with a Reagan administration."

That may sound reassuring, but there is plenty in Reagan's Republican platform that is not. To give the Republicans their due, their critique of the fruits of Democratic rule is on the mark in many cases. The current welfare system *does* perpetuate and aggravate the very condition of dependency that it seeks to relieve. It is true that Americans now save less than people in any other Western nation and that the sharp drop in American productivity has caused Americans' average weekly earnings to be the same as they were 19 years ago. The economy *is* clogged by a glut of excessive regulation, and the federal government has developed into a maze of special-interest fiefdoms. The Carter administration did allow inflation to shoot from 4.8 percent in 1976 to 18 percent this year before plunging the economy into recession to control it. And Henry Kissinger had it right in alleging that Carter has practiced "a diplomacy of incoherence."

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But the Republican alternatives are frequently too much or too little. There is no proposal in the GOP platform to protect the poor from inflation. The federal government is alleged to be the villain behind every domestic problem. When Reagan arrived in Detroit, he appealed for the support of auto workers by asserting that problems in the auto industry "weren't made in Japan or Europe, but in Washington, with expensive regulations, misallocation of fuel supplies and credit controls." In fact, of course, they were mainly caused by the auto companies' refusal to build small cars and their resistance to government fuel economy standards. Are the public schools failing to teach? The Republicans blame that on federal aid and regulation. The GOP is not just for selective deregulation of business, but for a moratorium on all new federal regulations.

The nation is hurting for adequate energy supplies, say the Republicans, but the answer is not government-promoted conservation. The platform urges repeal of the 55 mph speed limit. It opposes gas tax increases and rationing and says that the private automobile is a symbol of "personal mobility and freedom."

The Republican platform says that the party's "foremost goal here at home is simple: economic growth and full employment without inflation." However, achieving the goal may not be so simple. The Reagan program calls for huge tax cuts, a balanced budget, and huge defense increases. The Republicans say the magic ingredient making all this possible is the increased production that the tax cuts will unleash, resulting in increased federal revenues. But the magic certainly will not work immediately and may not work at all, so that the product of Reagan's policies may be either higher inflation or the need to strip back social programs, or both.

In foreign and defense policy, the Republicans are quite right to accuse the Carter administration of vacillation. But they are against SALT II and against entering into any new arms agreement until US weaponry is massively upgraded. They demand overall US superiority in weaponry and seem to favor every weapons system the Pentagon has dreamed of, regardless of cost or effectiveness. Yet although he wants to be tough on the Soviets, Reagan is opposed to the grain embargo, apparently to placate the farm vote, and he is opposed to the draft, which would require well-off Americans to bear the burdens of defense along with the poor.

So we have Reagan-Bush against Carter-Mondale against John Anderson. Who will win? Before Detroit, Reagan was ahead in most polls by five or 10 points. Reagan's pollsters reportedly see signs that after the convention, his lead will expand to 20 points. Reagan polls encourage his strategists to think he can win the major states of Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, adding them to his strong base in the west and fighting Carter for selected states in the south and border areas. Reagan has problems. His top staff is said to be organized only on paper, with several aides thinking they report directly to Reagan. The campaign reportedly still lacks a full-scale, integrated plan encompassing finance, organization, voter identification and turnout, candidate travel, and advertising. Reagan plans to go on the offensive immediately against President Carter's record, but if he falters, Carter could make Reagan the issue. In spite of the problems, though, Reagan is coming out of Detroit with his prospects of victory bright. The convention may have created the impression on television that a Republican administration would be tolerable or even desirable. But the reality is not so encouraging.

Morton Kondracke

Big business is the connection.

Reagan's Saudi Link

For years Ronald Reagan has enjoyed the support of the relatively small number of Jewish voters who think of themselves as conservatives. Drawn by his hard-line views on domestic and foreign policy, these conservative Jews found additional reasons to intensify their support in Reagan's unequivocal statements backing Israel. As Jimmy Carter sank in the polls, he sank among Jews as well. And they had another reason to desert the Carter camp—they saw the president tilting sharply to the Arabs, perhaps even to the PLO itself.

Reagan made his strongest case in favor of Israel last August in the *Washington Post*, characterizing Israel as "perhaps the only remaining strategic asset in the region on which we can rely." Last March, in the wake of the Carter administration's dramatic vote against Israel in the UN Security Council, Reagan assured distraught Jewish leaders in New York, then in full flight from Carter, that "an undivided city of Jerusalem means sovereignty for Israel over that city." In the *New York Times*, conservative columnist William Safire applauded Reagan for refusing to hedge on the status of Jerusalem. Reagan's highly visible recruitment of prominent pro-Israeli foreign policy advisers gave his campaign a final luster for many Jewish voters. But now the reality of Reagan's nomination has begun to impinge on all that fine talk, and some Reagan insiders see unmistakable signs that their candidate's apparently unassailable position on Israel is breaking down at a disturbing rate under pressure from that most predictable power center in the Republican party: US corporations with enormous business interests in Saudi Arabia and the Arab world.

Perhaps persuaded that the massive hemorrhaging of Jewish support for President Carter had given them room to maneuver, Reagan's top foreign policy advisers signaled the tilt toward the Arabs by deftly putting

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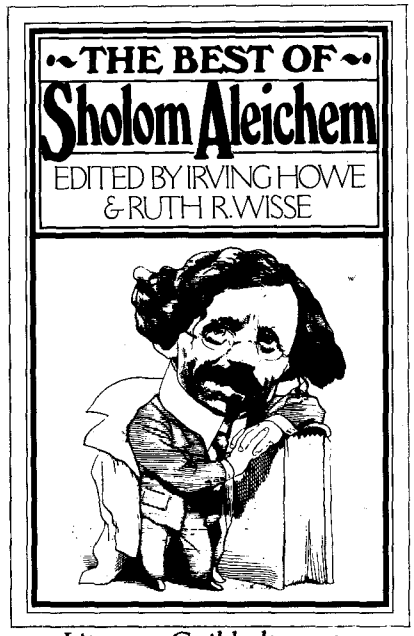

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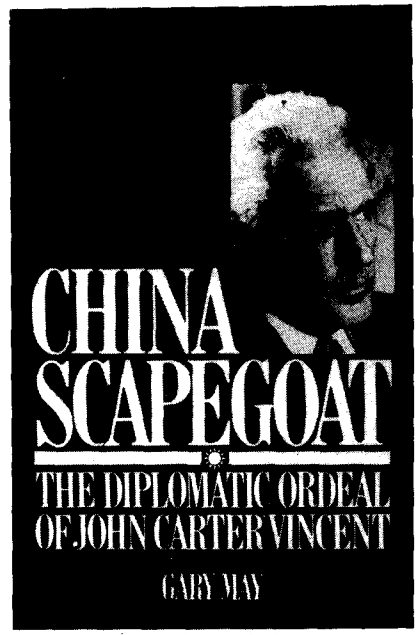

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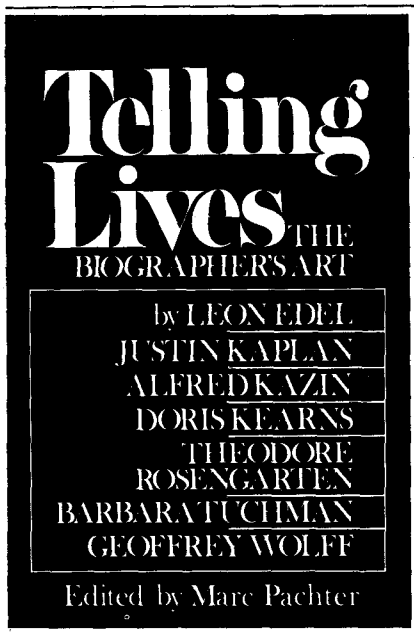

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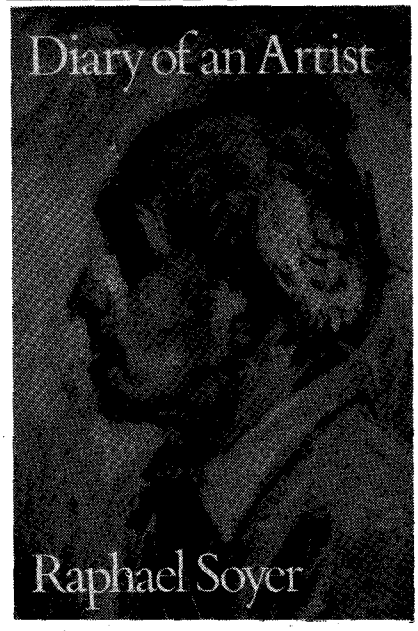

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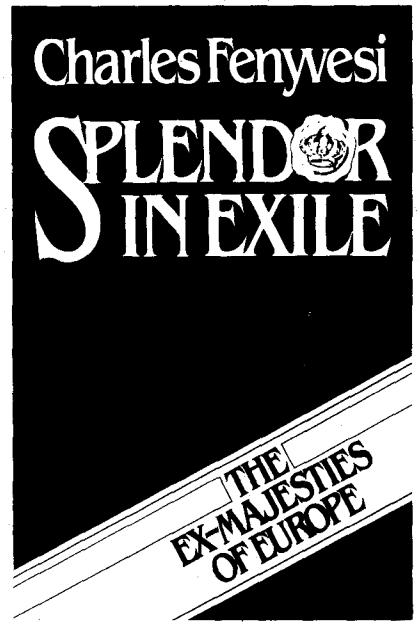

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down an effort by pro-Israel Republicans to incorporate Reagan's earlier position on Jerusalem into the party's Middle East platform plank. Instead, they hedged and inserted a relatively weak statement that "Jerusalem should remain undivided with continued, free, open, and unimpeded access to all religions and holy sites of all religions." There was no mention of "sovereignty," though the plank did include strong statements of support for Israel and firm repudiation of the PLO. For the Reagan forces, the "post-election attack of the evenhanded twitch" that Safire had warned about in his pro-Reagan column arrived even before the nomination.

The debate on Jerusalem suggested, even to some of Reagan's most devoted supporters, that the powers that be in the Reagan campaign have apparently concluded that too much petro-dollar business is at stake to risk overly upsetting the Arabs. They do not want to see the Republican nominee overextend himself on Israel, and they are more concerned about reassuring Saudi Arabia and the other oil-rich Arab states that their presidential candidate will not line up too strongly against the Arabs next year. The effort to assuage Saudi fears about Reagan is nearly in full swing, even as Reagan continues to compete for Jewish votes. The bellwether of what could and could not be said at this Republican convention, Henry Kissinger, did not mention Israel at all in his long and comprehensive address, despite months of faulting Carter before Jewish audiences for being pro-Arab. Would Reagan's policy on the Middle East, concerned people are begininning to ask, be different than Carter's?

This "balanced" approach, Republican insiders acknowledged, was apparently the result of a decision in the Reagan camp not to further antagonize Saudi Arabia and other Arab states before the election. It follows Egyptian ambassador Ashraf Ghorbal's public remarks after a meeting with Reagan in June that the Republican candidate's private positions on the Middle East differed significantly from his pro-Israel views expressed publicly. Reagan's press secretary later denied Ghorbal's claims, although the Egyptian envoy refused to back down from them.

Behind the Reagan camp's attempt to reassure the Saudis and other Arab interests are gold-plated corporate giants such as Bechtel and Fluor, two California-based construction companies with huge investments in Saudi Arabia, whose corporate officers are among Reagan's staunchest backers. These men have been quietly spreading the word to the Reagan people to adopt a lower profile position on Israel, according to sources in the campaign.

For these companies, billions of dollars are at stake. Writing in the July issue of *Harper's* magazine, L. J. Davis reported that Bechtel, the general contractor for the new Saudi city of Jubail and the Riyadh airport, stands to gross more than $50 billion over the next 20 years just from its projects in Saudi Arabia. Bechtel is well represented in the Reagan inner circle. Its vice chairman is George Shultz, the former treasury secretary, and its vice president is Caspar Weinberger, who served as Reagan's director of finance in California before joining the Nixon administration as secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. Both men are likely candidates for Cabinet posts in a Reagan administration; Shultz has been mentioned as a possible secretary of state.

Davis noted that Fluor is building a five billion dollar natural gas processing plant in Saudi Arabia, "a project that, combined with other endeavors and the usual cost overruns, will probably top $20 billion." Bob Fluor, chairman of Fluor Corp., is a founding member of Americans for Effective Presidency, a high-powered committee of corporate chairmen and former Republican administration officials determined to raise three to eight million dollars in extra cash to help Reagan become president. Fluor was involved in at least two clumsy efforts to have the University of Southern California and the Aspen Institute provide barely disguised propaganda functions for the Arabs.

Nor is the pro-Arab contingent in the Reagan entourage limited to these top executives whose corporations are directly involved in Saudi Arabia. Others represent the new Saudi money in the United States, and together with the traditional Republican wing of the petro-diplomatic complex, they don't want to see Reagan play up to Israel and the American Jewish vote any more than is absolutely necessary. Their great fear is rocking the boat of the existing US-Saudi business relationship. In the struggle for Reagan's heart and mind, these people are not remaining silent.

They are led by former treasury secretary William Simon, who fought hard during the Ford administration to block passage of anti-Arab boycott legislation. Others sensitive to Saudi concerns and influential in the upper reaches of the Reagan organization include William Casey, the campaign manager and former State Department official whom Henry Kissinger considered incompetent; Admiral Thomas H. Moorer (retired), former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; former Navy secretary J. William Middendorf II, now president of Financial General Bankshares, who has successfully negotiated a deal with a network of Arab investors headed by the former chief of Saudi intelligence and brother-in-law of the late king; and former ambassador James D. Theberge, another consultant with Saudi business dealings.

Additional "evenhanded" foreign policy specialists have been added to the campaign's Middle East task force lately, including General Brent Scowcroft (retired), a former national security adviser under President Gerald Ford. During the past three years, Scowcroft has been in private consulting in Washington for business clients with close ties to Saudi Arabia, Oman, and other Arab states. Other members with a supposedly "Arabist" orientation include Dr. Curtin Winsor Jr., associate director of the Alliance for

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Free Enterprise, a private organization in Washington; and former US ambassador Robert Neumann, who is currently associated with the Georgetown University Center for Strategic and International Studies. They are neatly balanced by a "pro-Israel" contingent, which includes: Dr. Joseph Churba, a former Middle East intelligence expert for the US Air Force and an outspoken advocate of closer US-Israeli military and political ties; Dr. Rita Hauser, a New York lawyer active in the American Jewish Committee; Professor Amos Perlmutter of the American University in Washington; Dr. Edward Luttwak of the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies; Professor Raymond Tanter of the University of Michigan; Dr. Uri Ra'anan of the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy; Professor Robert Tucker of Johns Hopkins; and Professor Richard Pipes of Harvard. Some of these are beginning to wonder whether their influence with Reagan and his strategists has not been overwhelmed by the old-line Republicans, whose business orientation predisposes them to the Arabs, and which makes them see Israel as a nuisance at best. Money talks. Then there is the Repulican right-wing lunatic fringe, which has no sympathy for Israel or rapport with Jews and whose chosen candidate Reagan is. In Congress, their leading lights—men like senators Jesse Helms of North Carolina and James McClure of Idaho, Representative Stephen Symms, also of Idaho and Frank Church's opponent in the November election—never vote for aid to Israel. These were the darlings of the Republican convention. Jack Kemp, a genuine friend of Israel, is the conspicuous exception on the right.

Despite Reagan's many statements of support for Israel, Saudi Arabia's potentates seem to be tilting toward the Republican nominee in his battle against Carter. Historically, the Saudis have always felt more comfortable with the big business circles which still dominate the Republican party. They have never felt at home with the largely working class, liberal academic, and ethnic (including Jewish) coalition of the Democrats.

The Saudis, from their perspective, have good reason to favor Reagan. They have been disappointed by Carter's weakness in dealing with the Russians and the Israelis. The Carter administration's inability to save the shah or to stem the tide of growing Soviet penetration throughout the Middle East, Persian Gulf, and Horn of Africa has frightened the Saudis to the point where their confidence in America has dwindled to just about nil. The so-called Carter Doctrine has a hollow ring to it, particularly in its dependence on a Rapid Deployment Force.

Reagan, on the other hand, has big ideas about dealing with the Soviet Union. They seem to fit in nicely with Saudi Arabia's own monomaniacal anti-communism. The Saudis were never impressed by superpower detente or by the third-world-first orientation of the Carter administration, as articulated by former secretary of state Cyrus Vance and former UN ambassador Andrew Young. What was—and remains—important in Riyadh is standing up to Moscow, and that means increased US military spending. The Saudi regime may recognize the internal dangers threatening its rule, but at this stage they are more concerned with what they regard as a Soviet-inspired external threat coming from the Cubans and East Germans in South Yemen and Ethiopia and from the Russians themselves in Afghanistan.

The Saudis may not want a Palestinian state, but they feel they must continue to placate the Palestinians in order to preserve their own regime. This means successfully exerting pressure on the US to lean on Israel. The Saudis feel that Carter has failed them. The president has not been able to prevent Prime Minister Menahem Begin from establishing more settlements on the West Bank. The Saudis never liked the Camp David peace process, either. Some experienced Saudi watchers in Washington believe that Saudi Arabia's temporarily stymied effort to pressure the Carter administration into authorizing advanced accessories for their 60 still-to-be-delivered F-15 fighters may have been partially designed to try to weaken Carter during the campaign. The last thing Carter needs now is a full-scale blowout with Israel's supporters in Congress and in the country at large; the Saudis and their highly paid Washington advisers are sophisticated enough about US politics to have understood the ramifications of their request. So you have the strange situation of both the anxious friends of Israel and the Saudis preferring Reagan over Carter.

Wolf Blitzer

Wolf Blitzer is the Washington correspondent for the *Jerusalem Post*.

Nuclear threats are no substitute for conventional military strength.

Dangerous Shortcut

In the early 1950s, the United States faced a serious dilemma in its defense planning. We were determined to get out of Korea and reduce the size and economic burden of the armed forces. But the need for strong US military power showed no sign of diminishing. The still-young NATO alliance faced a worsening challenge from Soviet forces in Europe. Revolutionary conflicts sprouting in Indochina, Malaya, Latin America, and elsewhere generally were seen as part of Soviet expansionism.

A spirit of fiscal conservatism had seized the nation following the serious inflationary scare at the beginning of the decade. President Eisenhower had made the

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need for fiscal restraint an important part of his election campaign and was intent on balancing the federal budget. There simply did not seem to be any way to finance enough conventional military power.

The strategy Eisenhower adopted was to rely heavily on the threat of nuclear war. Six months before Eisenhower's election, the future secretary of state, John Foster Dulles, had articulated the new policy, eventually labeled "massive retaliation." The policy was to give the impression that virtually any challenge to American interests might provoke a nuclear response. Early in Eisenhower's term the US used nuclear threats to pressure communist China to adopt a more conciliatory position in the Korean peace negotiations. Tactical nuclear weapons were deployed in Europe. The army was reorganized to fight on an atomic battlefield. And in crisis after crisis—Tachen Islands (1955), Lebanon (1958), Quemoy/Matsu (1958), Berlin (1958-59)—by word and deed, the United States made clear the adversaries risked nuclear conflagration by opposing US interests.

This reliance on nuclear threats came under growing criticism, especially during the 1960 presidential campaign. Eventually it was replaced by a more flexible strategy involving greater reliance on, and preparation for, the possibility of conventional war. This strategy has dominated US security policy for the past 20 years.

But now the dilemma of the early 1950s has returned. Again there is great concern about growing Soviet military power. Again developments in the third world are widely interpreted to reflect Soviet expansionism. And again fiscal pressures will make it difficult to increase conventional military power as much as these other developments suggest is necessary. The defense budget seems certain to increase over the next few years. But the political clamor for both a balanced budget and tax relief assures that unless there is dramatic (and unlikely) reform in the armed forces, defense spending increases will not change the solid perception that the Soviet conventional military advantage is increasing. The temptation to turn once again to frequent nuclear threats may be overwhelming. Already there are voices urging that we try to get more political clout from our nuclear forces.

We already have witnessed the first application of "massive retaliation"—1980s style. In January, President Carter announced his "Carter Doctrine":

> An attempt by any outside force to gain control of the Persian Gulf region will be regarded as an assault on the vital interests of the United States of America. And such an assault will be repelled by any means necessary, including military force.

The obvious question was how the United States could make good this commitment if it were challenged. Critics argued that our conventional military power, not all that daunting even in regions closer to home, looked even less useful on the opposite side of the globe.

In response, American officials turned, quite deliberately, to warning that a challenge to the Carter Doctrine could result in nuclear war. Less than 24 hours after the president's statement, Secretary of Defense Harold Brown replied to questions about the American response to Soviet aggression in the Middle East with the vague warning that "it is a mistake for anyone to assume these days that a war between the US and the Soviet Union could be won by either side." A far more explicit warning was issued by an unnamed but high-ranking US defense official in a background briefing. Leaving no doubt that he was referring to the Persian Gulf, this official said: ". . . we are thinking about theater nuclear options in other areas than NATO."

A few days later, perhaps fortuitously but also perhaps deliberately, a year-old Pentagon study entitled "Capabilities in the Persian Gulf" was leaked to the *New York Times*. The document said it would be necessary to "threaten or make use of tactical nuclear weapons" if the Soviets moved into northern Iran. Coming when it did, the report lent credence to the possibility that the United States was prepared to go to nuclear war to protect the West's most important sources of petroleum.

These verbal warnings were reinforced by what Thomas Schelling has called the "idiom of action." Between January and June, 12 flights of B-52 bombers demonstrated the United States's strategic reach by flying reconnaissance missions over the Arabian Sea and exhibiting their ability to find and attack Soviet ships in the area. The airplanes used in these missions probably were conventionally armed, or not armed at all, but the B-52 bomber has been a key component in the American nuclear posture for many years. The implications of these missions were not lost on the Soviets.

In the controversy that followed announcement of the Carter Doctrine, the White House backed off a bit. At a February news conference, Carter said that a resort to military force would not be instantaneous. The same day, in congressional briefings and elsewhere, defense officials began to stress American ability to use conventional military power in the Persian Gulf. But then in March, speaking to the Council on Foreign Relations, Secretary of Defense Harold Brown, while stressing the feasibility of conventional defense, was careful not to rule out nuclear options. Any US conflict in Southwest Asia, Brown said, carries with it the danger of nuclear war. In short, worried that the Carter Doctrine did not seem credible when backed only by conventional military power, Carter chose to raise the stakes to the nuclear level.

The Soviet media took both the verbal warnings and the reconnaissance missions very seriously. In February *Pravda* and *Izvestia* began a campaign of ridicule directed against "the revelations of the Pentagon gold braid." The authoritative Soviet reaction appeared in

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Pravda on February 24 under the byline "A. Petrov," a pseudonym which usually denotes high-level approval. The article said that the US was prepared to go to "the most extreme measures" to avoid "another Iran," citing contingency planning for limited nuclear options in the Gulf as evidence. Then in April the Indian news agency reported that the Soviets had put nuclear-armed medium-range missiles in Afghanistan "as a deterrent" to US nuclear missiles. It appears that, in word and deed, the Soviets are making clear that in the 1980s, unlike the 1950s, two can play the nuclear game.

Of course this is the main drawback in the whole strategy. Even in the 1950s, when the United States had clear nuclear superiority, threats to use nuclear weapons in situations in which the nation's vital interests were not directly challenged lost credibility. In the 1980s, similar threats are even more difficult to believe.

In fact, the administration is not really threatening to start a nuclear war to defend the Carter Doctrine. It is saying that it believes the stakes in the Persian Gulf are so serious that it would persevere in defending American interests even to the point of risking the emergence of a conflict in which there was a real risk of nuclear escalation and, eventually, mutual destruction. Both the United States and the Soviet Union have such robust nuclear forces that neither can credibly threaten to destroy the other—only to risk mutual annihilation. When one is seeking to deter attacks on one's own nation, or when seeking to deter attacks on historic allies of close political, economic, and cultural affinity, an expressed willingness to risk mutual nuclear destruction can be a credible deterrent. But credibility suffers when more remote interests are considered. The risk, of course, is that the bluff eventually will be called, and the nuclear commitment either fulfilled or ignored, in either case a development unproductive for crucial American interests.

Keeping American military threats credible always is a problem, especially in a democracy like ours with diverse quasi-official voices. The credibility of our promise to protect the Persian Gulf is even harder to establish because the commitment is relatively new, not reinforced by historic policies or by a record of past military involvement. Restoring the United States's image as a guarantor of the security of like-minded peoples around the world, to say nothing of our ability to protect our own vital interests—be they oil supplies or diplomatic personnel—will take years: years to make the needed real improvements in our conventional military power, years to demonstrate in our diplomacy and policy pronouncements the constancy and steadiness of purpose that has been missing too long, and years to demonstrate to our perplexed friends around the globe our fundamental good sense.

Nuclear threats serve none of these needs. In fact, they aggravate concerns among our allies that we simply have lost the ability for realistic policy making. The temptation to squeeze greater political benefit from our nuclear posture should be avoided. It would be a high-risk strategy which promises only slim chances for success in a game whose stakes are truly monumental.

Barry Blechman and Douglas Hart

Barry Blechman, former assistant director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, is a senior associate at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. *Douglas Hart* is a research assistant at the Carnegie Endowment.

A soft visit to the rugged society.

Singapore Swing

By the fifth course, tea-smoked duck, Mr. Tan had gotten almost giddy. He held his hands out about the width of his shoulders, as though indicating the length of the carp he'd caught on the weekend, and he said to the six of us around the table, "I make bars like this. Steel bars and chocolate bars."

I first thought this was some sort of esoteric Chinese joke, but it turned out that Mr. Tan, a refugee who had come to Singapore from Sumatra 30 years ago, was not merely chairman of the Tourist Promotion Board; he was director of National Iron and Steel Mills Ltd. and Allied Chocolate Industries Ltd.—not to mention Hong Leong Finance Ltd., King's Hotel Ltd., City Development Ltd., and a few others. Tan I Tong was, in short, an exemplary product of what Lee Kuan Yew, prime minister of Singapore for the past 15 years, calls "the rugged society," a society that would send chills of delight down the spines of Adam Smith and Milton Friedman.

The six of us around the table that night in a private dining room at the Oberoi Palace Hotel were not exemplary products of the rugged society. In fact, we were a half-dozen American business reporters who had been flown halfway around the world in 13 hours on the Concorde; plied with beluga caviar, lobster, steak, Dom Ruinart champagne, and Cuban cigars; plopped down on this 227-square-mile island 85 miles from the equator in the Malacca Straits; and fêted with Chinese banquets for four days. We were guests of the rugged society—as well as of British Airways and Singapore Airways—and recipients of such paraphernalia as alarm clocks, recipe books, bathrobes, and splits of Mumm's Cordon Rouge, which would appear, unbidden, in our rooms in the Hilton at odd hours. Also, we were recipients of masses of statistics, bushels of facts. Between bites of sweet-and-sour prawns and draughts of Tiger beer, we learned, for example, that: Singapore's inflation rate last year was 4.0 percent, its

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unemployment rate, 3.3 percent. (So much for the Phillips Curve.)

The growth in real GNP was 9.3 percent, compared with 2.0 percent for the US, 4.3 percent for West Germany, and 6.0 percent for Japan. Manufacturing volume was up 24 percent in 1979 over 1978; exports were up 35 percent.

Per capita income is around $3,000, second highest in Asia after Japan. The infant mortality rate is lower than Great Britain's.

With a population of 2,362,700—roughly the size of greater Baltimore—Singapore ranks 23rd in the world in GNP. And it's the third largest port, bigger than New York.

There are 89 banks here, 76 of them foreign. In 1979 they had eight billion dollars in loans outstanding, an increase of 60 percent in two years. There are 3,176 manufacturing establishments, an increase of 20 percent in two years.

All of this gushing commerce has occurred in a country with a rotten climate—hot and humid year-round with the sun straight overhead at 7:30 a.m.—and no natural resources. Singapore's most important indigenous export is orchids; the island imports nearly all of its food except pigs and poultry and a wonderful fruit called durian, which smells vile but is supposed to be a powerful aphrodisiac. Sir James Scott wrote of durian in 1882: "Some Englishmen will tell you that the flavour and odour of the fruit may be realized by eating a 'garlic custard' over a London sewer."

I'll admit that I came to Singapore theologically prepared to enjoy what I saw. They really didn't have to give me the alarm clocks and the sweet-and-sour prawns. As one who actually sees the merit of the Laffer Curve and of Jude Wanniski's version of *The Way the World Works*, I came as a Reaganite John Reed, as easily impressed as a leftist pilgrim to Lenin's Russia. As governments meddle more and more in Western economies, Southeast Asia is going the other way, becoming a laboratory for the study of capitalism unleashed. Countries like South Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong, and now Sri Lanka are thriving on low taxes and on hospitality to multinational corporations. Singapore is certainly the most serious—and perhaps the most successful—of this lot. There have been two personal income tax cuts in the past two years. The 50 percent bracket begins at $200,000 of taxable income, compared with $44,700 in the US, and the top bracket for earned or unearned income is 55 percent, beginning at $300,000, compared with 70 percent at $161,300 in this country. Taxes are low across the board; more than 60 percent of the population pays none at all. However, it's not just the tax rates themselves, but the government's attitude toward taxation that's so refreshing. Here we have Mr. Goh Chok Tong, minister for Trade and Industry, in a speech he gave last March entitled "We Must Dare to Achieve" (Singaporeans have a weakness for slogans):

> We shall be wise to take note of the results on those societies where personal income tax has been used to equalize spendable incomes in the name of progressive taxation. It has blunted the incentive to out-perform one's peers; it has levelled the gifted and the industrious down to the mediocre and the indolent. . . . The results have been ruinous for economies like Britain's. Overemphasis on dividing up the national cake equally has ended up in smaller pieces of a non-growing cake.

The architect of this tax policy, and of practically everything else in Singapore, is Lee Kuan Yew, founder of the People's Action party 25 years ago and the nation's leader from 1959, when it won autonomy from Britain, through 1963, when it joined Malaya for two acrimonious years as part of Malaysia, until today. Robert Shaplen calls Lee, who was educated at Cambridge, "the most intellectual, astute, irascible, and endurable" of all the leaders of Southeast Asia. There is no personality cult surrounding him—I never saw a picture of Lee during my visit to Singapore, though the *Straits Times*, the English-language daily, has a penchant for running articles that begin "Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew yesterday. . . ." Lee's popularity is the result not only of his early suppression of opposition to the PAP but of the munificent products of his regime. Lee's economic policies bear a striking resemblance to Social Darwinism. Several years ago, for example, Lee said frankly that "growth must come before sharing." Still, as income rose, a dramatic redistribution of wealth took place: between 1966 and 1973, those earning the lowest incomes (below 150 Singapore dollars, each worth roughly 50 US cents) fell from 43.5 percent to 25.3 percent of the population.

Curiously, Lee calls his form of government in Singapore "socialist." And there are certain traces of the welfare state around. For instance, nearly 70 percent of the people now live in public housing projects, in which families either rent their apartments at nominal fees (between seven and 15 US dollars a month) or buy them through a nifty arrangement—borrowing against the value they've built up in the Singaporean equivalent of a Social Security fund. An older three-room suburban flat sells for around $8,000; a new, five-room urban one, $30,000. There are government hospitals and schools (though secondary education is not compulsory), a tiny amount of public assistance is available to destitute families, and a few orphanages and day care centers have been set up. But in the rugged society you mostly have to get along on your own. Companies have private workmen's compensation plans, for example, but there is no unemployment insurance.

Somerset Maugham called Singapore "the meeting-place of many races." But the Chinese, most of them one or two generations removed from the mainland, like Lee himself, make up 76 percent of the population. Most of the rest are Malays from the jungles and mountains to the north of Singapore, or Tamils from south India with dark skin and lovely, clear, round eyes.

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Chinese, especially those with the gumption to emigrate, are said to be particularly hard workers, as though it were in their genes. That was essentially the point that the program "60 Minutes" made in 1978: "The language here is English," intoned Morley Safer. "The prevailing atmosphere is distinctly Chinese—that highly scrutable Chinese business of business, day and night and day, work; always heavily spiced with food—constant snacking, noshing, and nibbling between dealing. Nowhere will you find people not just willing to work but wanting to work the way these people do." Perhaps. But they weren't just born that way. Singaporeans work partly because they get to keep most of the fruits of their labor, and partly because they have no choice.

"What happens," asked one of my colleagues of Yeo Song Teck, director of the Economic Development Board, "if someone is physically able to work but he just won't? Do you let him starve?"

Mr. Yeo, a small, polite man, hissed, "Yes." Then we all went next door to a revolving rooftop restaurant for shark's fin soup, sweet bean-paste pancakes, and more Tiger beer.

Even though there are no price controls, currency controls, tariffs, or requirements that the government take an equity share of private companies, men like Mr. Yeo guide the economy. As Dr. Goh Keng Swee wrote in a 1977 government volume entitled "Socialism That Works":

> "Taking an overall view of Singapore's economic policy, we can see how radically it differed from the laissez-faire policies of the colonial era. These had led Singapore to a dead end, with little economic growth, massive unemployment, wretched housing, and inadequate education. We *had* to try a most activist and interventionist approach."

Well, not all *that* activist. What the government did was to set up huge industrial parks, and to lease the land for factories. It also gave tax breaks—including holidays of up to 10 years from paying the corporate levy of 40 percent—to industries it particularly wanted to encourage. Right now it is favoring businesses that are not labor-intensive and not polluting and that provide jobs requiring technical skills—in other words, semiconductor plants rather than steel plants. About two-thirds of the manufacturing investment in the country now comes from foreign companies—Hewlett-Packard, General Electric, Timex, Union Carbide, Honeywell, Fairchild, Dunlop, Shell, Mitsubishi, Hitachi, and on and on.

There is a good deal not to like in Singapore. The central city has all the charm of downtown Houston. There's a glaring lack of culture—unless you're a fan of movies like "Iron Bridge Kung Fu" and TV shows like "Palladin" and "The Flintstones." There's a sad paucity of vice here too. The transvestites of Bugis Street are harmless. And the gorgeous, large-breasted Malay women who sit in sparkling silks on benches along Orchard Road outside the Hilton and the Mandarin, whispering at passersby, "You want mushudge?," are vestiges of poorer, happier days. They never seem to get any business; everyone wants to get to sleep early to prepare for tomorrow's money-making.

Singaporeans, in a manner astonishing to Americans, are rule-followers. Their streets and sidewalks are probably the cleanest in the world—it took me a whole day to find a cigarette butt—because there's a $250 fine for litterers. They cut their population growth rate in half, down to 1.3 percent, after the government began sloganeering that "Two Is Enough" and passing a few tax incentives for smaller families. And they unclogged their downtown streets by requiring that cars entering the central business district during the morning rush hour either carry four or more passengers or display a daily permit costing $2.50 to five dollars. Then there's the matter of long hair. It's not illegal, but the people who run the country don't like it. There are signs outside most factories warning, "No admittance to persons sporting long hair," and the official government tourist publication has this to say: "Male visitors are advised to have their hair cut if it reaches below the top of their shirt collar. The authorities frown on long hair. Please note that long-haired persons will be served last at all government departments and offices." It can be a long wait for a stamp.

This atmosphere of prudery and officiousness is particularly disappointing to those of us who like to think that economic competition and diversity make life richer and a lot more fun. It doesn't work that way. Consider, for example, the press. It's licensed and timid, and it runs stories on the front page like this one:

> ACS Bid to Snuff Out Snobbery
> By SIT MENG CHUE
>
> Anglo-Chinese School students were yesterday issued a set of 13 rules designed to snuff out social snobbery when they returned to their classrooms for the new term. . . .
>
> The rules will apply to students of the junior college, the secondary school and both primary schools.
>
> They will come into effect on July 7 and will, among other things, ban the use of briefcases, 'expensive' wrist watches, tinted spectacles (unless prescribed by a doctor), jewelry or other decorative items and 'expensive' writing instruments.

Sumptuary laws! Perfect for the last bastion of the Protestant ethic, a country that bans *Playboy* and fines people $250 for smoking in elevators. Singapore is not all like this. Paul Theroux, who lived here for three years, wrote in *The Great Railway Bazaar* that

> there is a fringe, latterly somewhat narrower than it was, where life continues aimlessly, unimpeded by the police or the Ministry of Technology. On this fringe, which is thick with bars, people celebrate Saturday with a curry lunch and drink beer all afternoon . . . and some of the bars have verandahs where in the evening a group of drinkers might find a half-hour's diversion in watching a fat gecko loudly gobble a sausage fly.

I missed that part of Singapore, and, after three days

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of trying, I gave up my search for durian. Now, after the big farewell dinner with Mr. Tan and his steel bars and chocolate bars, I am sitting in the back section of the Concorde, sipping Remy Martin cognac and puffing on a Bolivar (a bit dry, if you must know) and watching the Nile valley slip by outside my window. In a few minutes, we cross the Mediterranean, glide up the Adriatic, coast over Venice and the Alps. I am thinking about Singapore: do rugged societies always prosper? Are prosperous societies always dull? These are tough questions. Steward, another cognac, please.

James K. Glassman

James K. Glassman is executive editor of the *Washingtonian* magazine.

The West is getting soaked in more ways than one.

Oil Imperialism

by J. B. Kelly

The nerveless acquiescence of the Western nations in the frequency of oil price rises since the Tehran confrontation of 1971 has been prompted in the main by the hope that the acquiescence will gain them security of oil supplies. It will, of course, do nothing of the kind. All that continual surrender does is to strengthen the financial weapon in the economic armory of the Middle Eastern oil states. But there are even more insidious dangers to the West in the inexorable accumulation of great wealth by these states than the threat to its economic health. Because this wealth has been obtained without effort on the part of the states in question, it has had a profoundly corrupting influence upon their governments and upon numbers of their subjects, a corruption made all the more inevitable by the nature of Arab and Iranian society. As greater riches are amassed, the process of corruption will intensify, hastening the spread of instability in Arabia, Iran, and the Gulf. It is doubtful whether at any time in the history of mankind a group of intrinsically insignificant polities, at a comparatively primitive stage of economic, political, and social development, has possessed such enormous financial power as the handful of Gulf states now dispose of. As the governments of the Gulf states are moved to employ this power for political and other purposes abroad, the corruption will spread beyond the Gulf, influencing and disturbing governments and societies in lands far removed from them in customs, culture, and religion.

It is beyond our scope here to examine at any length the injurious effects of Arab and Iranian oil money upon the West. That the contagion already has entered the body of the West can be confirmed by the merest glance. It is present in financial and commercial circles, though its workings are rarely exposed to public view. It has penetrated politics and government, especially in Britain, France, and the United States, where the spectacle of high-ranking ministers, officials, and politicians wheedling, flattering, and fawning upon the plutocrats of Arabia and Iran has become a daily occurrence. To the Western public, growing increasingly uneasy and dejected at the progress of the contagion, it is glibly explained by their rulers and by those in public life to whom they look for instruction and guidance that the contagion does not exist; or, if it does, that it is benign; or if it is not benign, then there is nothing to be done about it.

It is difficult, indeed impossible, to believe that the governments of Britain, France, and the United States are not fully aware of the nature of the Middle Eastern regimes with which they are treating and of the corrupting effects which Arab and Iranian oil money is having in Western society. This being so, their indifference to what is happening—one might almost say their encouragement of it—is presumably occasioned by fear and greed: fear of offending the Arabs and Iranians lest they reduce oil supplies or raise oil prices; greed for the expenditure and investment of their oil revenues in the ailing economies of the West. How else is one to account for the obsequious contortions performed by British, French, or American politicians and officials to ingratiate themselves with the rulers of the Gulf states and, until his fall, the shah?

J. B. Kelly is author of *Eastern Arabian Frontiers* and *Britain and the Persian Gulf, 1795-1880*. This article is reprinted by permission of Basic Books, Inc., from the forthcoming book, *Arabia, the Gulf and the West* by J. B. Kelly. Copyright ©1980 by J. B. Kelly.

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How else to interpret the insensibility of the British and French governments to the feelings of the citizens of London and Paris as they watch the more select parts of their cities being turned into Middle Eastern caravanserais, bazaars, and bagnios? Or are forced to witness assassinations and gun battles in their streets between warring Arab factions, whose presence in their capitals, along with the arms and money with which they are amply furnished, has largely been made possible by the excessive oil revenues paid to the Arab oil states?

The lure of Arab and Iranian oil money has also exerted its attraction outside Western financial and political circles. Its influence is discernible in publishing and journalism, in the professions, in the universities and learned societies, most of it unnoticed and unrealized by the Western public at large. Throughout the past decade, newspapers like the London *Times*, the *Financial Times*, and *Le Monde* have shown themselves increasingly ready to cater to the desire of Saudi Arabia and the petty states of the Gulf for self-esteem and self-advertisement by publishing a seemingly endless stream of supplements about the vigor, wisdom, and capacity of the governments of these countries, the charm and talents of their peoples, the giant strides they are making toward the millennium, and the gratifyingly large sums of money they are spending in the process upon Western goods and services. The content of the articles which appear in these supplements, hemmed in by acres of advertising, is best passed over in silence. A reminder of what it is like, however, may not be out of place here.

A special supplement on King Abdul Aziz University, Jiddah, put out by the *Times Higher Educational Supplement* in October 1977, had this to say about the aims of this new seat of learning.

> The main campus of King Abdul Aziz University one day . . . will house one of the most prestigious centres of learning in the Middle East—and, it is hoped, the world. Named after the charismatic monarch who earlier this century welded the ancient warring tribes of Arabia into today's modern nation state . . . its expansion is really taking off.

Airborne himself on a flight of rhetoric, the *Times*'s correspondent goes on to enthuse over "the Master Plan" to spend £3,000 million on buildings and equipment, the recruitment of a distinguished academic staff ("in large numbers from Europe and North America: salaries are high and this is reflected in the quality of applicants") and the high standards of scholarship students will be expected to attain. The presiding genius over all this, the correspondent informs us, is "Sheikh Ahmad Salah Jamjoom, one of the founding fathers of the university," who is "keenly concerned about the preservation of quality during expansion. He is insistent that the flood of students and staff into the university should not water down the ideals of academic excellence. The university is aiming to ensure undergraduate excellence by laying down tight entry qualifications. . . ." Nor is this the limit of Sheikh Jamjoom's vision. "Knowledge must not only serve society: it must also serve good," he told his interlocutor from the *Times*, who himself goes on to embroider the theme rather richly in the concluding sentences of his article.

> The Muslim world in general and Saudi Arabia in particular sees the wealth generated by the oil bonanza as a chance to reverse the eclipse by the west of learning. They are convinced of the possibility of developing highly sophisticated systems of, for example, 'Islamic' social science, 'Islamic' economics, 'Islamic' medicine and even 'Islamic' mathematics. The aim is the creation of a new Islamic Golden Age of culture and learning: Islam with a modern face. The de-westernization of knowledge is the first central task of the enterprise.

It is not only the savants and schoolmen of Saudi Arabia who see "the wealth generated by the oil bonanza as a chance to reverse the eclipse by the west of learning." A number of ambitious academics and administrators in universities and other institutions of learning in Europe and North America also have had their glimpse of El Dorado and made for it hot-foot. Sums of money, some of them of considerable proportions, have been solicited from the oil sheikhs and the court of the "Shadow of God upon earth" for the establishment of or expansion of programs of Arab, Persian, and Islamic studies in France, Britain, Canada, and the United States. Georgetown University in Washington, a Jesuit foundation, has accepted, without any evident misgivings, several hundred thousand dollars of Arab oil money for the establishment of a chair of Islamic and Arabic studies. The donor is the government of Libya, the head of which, as is well known, is a fanatical Moslem, a supporter of terrorist movements, and one of the principal paymasters of the Moslem *fedayeen* who lately endeavored to crush the Latin Christian community in Lebanon. At institutions as different as McGill University in Montreal and the University of Exeter in Devon there are now chairs or lectureships in "Arabian Gulf studies," endowed by one or another of the lesser Gulf governments. Indeed, it would almost seem as if Edward Gibbon's musings two centuries ago upon what might have been, had the Arab armies not been halted at Poitiers a thousand years earlier, were more of a prophetic than a visionary nature. "Perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the revelation of Mahomet."

One could go on listing the ancient and modern foundations in the Old World and the New, some members of which have been driven by the *auri sacra fames* to curry favor with the oil potentates of the Middle East by paying exaggerated deference to Islamic history and culture (not to mention "Islamic" social sciences and "Islamic" economics); but the exercise

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would be as depressing as it would be futile. The only point to be made is that the rulers of the Arab oil states are neither simple philanthropists nor disinterested patrons of the humanities. They expect a return upon their donations to institutions of learning and their subsidies to publishing houses, whether it be in the form of subtle propaganda on behalf of Arab or Islamic causes, or the preferential admission of their nationals, however unqualified, to Western universities and colleges, or the publication of the kind of sycophantic flim-flam about themselves and their countries which now clutters sections of the Western press and even respectable periodical literature.

If the peoples of the West do not take heed of what is happening and act to halt it, they inevitably will suffer a debasement of their national lives, standards, and institutions from the penetration of their societies by Arab and Persian oil money. It is worth recalling in this connection that Moslem jurisprudence views the world in uncompromising terms, dividing it arbitrarily into the *dar al-Islam* (Moslem territory) and the *dar al-harb* (hostile territory), of which Western Christendom is the principal constituent. Between these two territorial entities there can exist only a state of active warfare or a condition of latent hostility. If the West continues in its present abject and infirm posture toward the Arabs and the Iranians, it may well contribute a third category to the Islamic order—the *dar al-abid*, or land of slaves.

A major liberal reform may be killed by purism and paranoia.

Civil Liberties vs. the ACLU

by Louis B. Schwartz

After 10 years of effort and controversy, the moment of truth has arrived for reform of the federal criminal code. Senator Edward Kennedy's version has been approved by the Senate Judiciary Committee with a single dissent because of its leniency toward marijuana. Representative Robert Drinan's version has just been favorably reported by a two-to-one vote of the House Judiciary Committee. The Drinan bill is somewhat more favorable to civil liberties than what Kennedy was able to achieve in the Senate, but both versions represent extraordinary advances over existing law. Inevitably, the reform project bypasses many hot issues, such as capital punishment, gun control, espionage, entrapment, and wiretapping. On these subjects existing law would remain in force, part of the never-exhausted agenda of law reform. But hundreds of improvements proposed by Kennedy and Drinan go a very long way toward promoting respect for law by making the law respectable.

What, then, stands in the way of this civil liberties reform? It is not the opposition of right wingers in both houses. Strangely enough, the principal obstacle is the American Civil Liberties Union. In the early 1970s, the ACLU and other liberal groups fought valiantly to defeat the notorious S. 1, President Nixon's retrograde version of criminal law reform. But the ACLU became intoxicated by the thrill of opposition. In the years since, it has drifted into the paranoia of opposing any provision which "could be abused," as if there were ever a criminal law that could not be abused. It has attacked the proposed code for provisions found in existing law, as if the code had introduced them or as if defeat of the code would get rid of them. In general, the ACLU has fought progress on the indefensible line that no reform, however beneficent, is acceptable if it omits any desirable element. In a final act of political and intellectual bankruptcy, the ACLU, following favorable action by the House Judiciary Committee, announced its opposition to the Drinan bill. A notable case of "the best as enemy of the good."

ACLU mailings to members have been highly misleading about the Kennedy-Drinan bills. (I know because I am a lifelong ACLU member and financial supporter.) ACLU publications have not identified the many civil liberties gains in these bills. ACLU publications have not told members that the organization is aligned with right wingers in opposing the bills. ACLU publications haven't mentioned the impressive list of civil liberties leaders who have favored the bills over the years, such as Hubert Humphrey, Joseph Rauh, Abner Mikva, Alan Dershowitz, and Representative Don Edwards of California. The ACLU hasn't told its members that Americans for Democratic Action supports the reform, and prefers the Drinan version.

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The Kennedy and Drinan bills are quite similar and will continue to converge as committee action proceeds. Any differences certainly can be resolved in conference committee. This makes all the more disheartening the intransigent declaration of the ACLU in a "Civil Liberties Alert: Emergency Issue" that:

> No matter how "unobjectionable" the House bill is, the ACLU may have to oppose any House-Senate Conference to resolve differences between the bills, since such a Conference would result in compromises damaging to civil liberties.

Many legislators, newspapers, and members of the public, accustomed to rely on the ACLU as the authentic voice of civil libertarian views, almost necessarily defer to it concerning an extremely complicated law reform proposal. It is not comfortable for a legislator (or for me) long aligned with the ACLU to oppose it publicly on an issue which the ACLU so positively designates as presenting a civil liberties crisis. On this occasion, though, we must hope the ACLU fails.

The fundamental civil liberty promoted by the Kennedy-Drinan reform is the constitutional ideal of "equal protection of the laws": like cases should be treated alike. This ideal is promoted in many ways. Maximum penalties for similar offenses are aligned. Serious offenses are broken down into grades or degrees so that only the worst cases can get the longest sentence. Big thieves and tax cheats can get longer sentences than petty thieves. The scandal of "cumulative sentences" will be cleaned up. Under present law, a person convicted of mail fraud, with a five-year maximum, can get 25 years if five different letters were mailed as part of the fraudulent scheme. Under the reform bills, length of sentence is based on the scope of the fraud rather than the number of mailings. Even where different offenses have been committed, there no longer will be indefinite cumulation of separate sentences.

The greatest reforms in the current bills concern sentencing. Under present law—virtually unique to the United States among civilized countries—the judge sets jail sentences within very wide statutory limits, without any standards set by Congress and without any review of his decision by appeal to a higher court. This results in totally unjustified sentence disparities for similar crimes, depending on which judge has the case. The reform bill authorized a commission, predominantly of judges, to work out sentencing guidelines based on the gravity of offenses, giving proper weight to ameliorating and aggravating circumstances. The guidelines commission will recommend a range of sentences, within the maximum authorized by Congress, appropriate for each combination of offense and circumstances. The sentencing judge may override the guidelines range, but the decision to do so must be explained and is subject to appeal.

The Kennedy bill and the Drinan bill both would permit convicted defendants to appeal sentences that they believe are too harsh. The bills differ over whether the prosecutors should be able to appeal sentences they believe are too lenient. Reasonable people also may differ about this. The ACLU opposes government appeals for stiffer sentences. Senator Kennedy favors such appeals as a way to combat excessive leniency for white-collar criminals and civil rights violators. There is some potential for abuse of the appeal power by prosecutors, as ACLU argues. On the other hand, bilateral appeal is a common feature of penal laws in Scandinavia and other countries with very high standards of civil liberties. Surely the government appeal issue is less important than establishing the right of defendants to appeal arbitrarily severe sentences.

Other civil liberties triumphs in the reform bills include repeal of the Smith Act (which outlaws teaching or advocating revolution); repeal of the Logan Act (which forbids private negotiations with foreign states); repeal of laws against consenting homosexual relations and consenting sex between teenagers in federal jurisdictions; repeal of the federal ban on mailing information relating to abortion; and significant narrowing of the federal obscenity legislation. The reform would extend civil rights criminal penalties to include discrimination because of sex and alienage; and would extend the civil rights law to individual as well as conspiratorial repression. It offers new protections of the electoral process against "dirty tricks" and other subversion and new protections for "whistle blowers" like Daniel Ellsberg, who used the Pentagon Papers to counter official deception of the public. The reform would permit those charged with contempt of court for violating an injunction to challenge the validity of the injunction. Under present law, a person can be punished for violating a court order even if the order is later ruled to be invalid. Riot law has been narrowed and the jurisdictional basis for federal intervention has been constricted by repealing the notorious "Rap Brown" provision penalizing travel in interstate commerce for riot purposes.

Despite these important advances the ACLU perceives serious threats to civil liberties in the proposed code reforms. One such alleged threat concerns reform of the law of "attempt." Law professors long have struggled with the question whether someone who tries and fails to commit a crime should be punishable as severely as someone who succeeds. One can imagine two assassins who, with precisely the same intent, inflict precisely the same wounds on their respective victims. Both victims are taken to a hospital. Both are expected to die. But victim A has the good fortune to be operated on by a genius of surgery, and survives. Should the law provide that A's assassin, being guilty only of "attempt," gets a less severe punishment than the assassin of deceased victim

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B? Should the law recognize that, while both assassins deserve the same treatment, supreme penalties such as life imprisonment or even death are ugly things to carry out and may well be dispensed with in the general rejoicing over the fortuitous survival of the victim?

However such questions are answered, the least we should expect of a penal code is consistency. Yet existing federal attempt law is a hodgepodge. For some offenses, attempt carries the same punishment as successful crimes. For other offenses, lesser penalties are prescribed. For still other offenses an unsuccessful attempt carries no punishment at all. Under the Kennedy bill, attempts would be punishable equally with accomplished crimes, except for the very gravest crimes, where attempt would be considered a one-grade-lower offense. The Kennedy bill, unlike present law, would reduce the penalty when a criminal "renounces" his purpose before harm is done. And various political offenses are exempt from the attempt and solicitation sections. The Drinan bill yields to ACLU opposition to "general" solutions to the problem of attempt and solicitation, and thus would perpetuate the existing federal confusion. As one result some attempts could be punished by life imprisonment rather than the 20-year maximum in the Kennedy bill. And for such crumbs the ACLU is opposing any compromises in conference committee.

Here is another controversy: should there be a federal law against obstruction of government by force or fraud? On the one side are those who believe that public servants engaged in lawful execution of their duties should not have their tires slashed, their motors sanded, their papers and tools stolen, their energies diverted by false alarms and cues. On the other side are those so suspicious of all government, so dominated by the idea of "potential abuse" of criminal law, that they would in principle make no special crime of resistance to most federal officials, except as it involves otherwise illegal behavior such as murder, theft, trespass. There is no general obstruction provision in existing federal criminal law, but there are many special statutes specifying particular classes of officials who may not be obstructed, such as law enforcement officers, court officials, mailmen, grain inspectors, and army recruiters. Penalties vary irrationally and there is confusion as to whether the defendant must be aware of the federal character of the activity interfered with. Senator Kennedy took the recommendation of the liberal-dominated National Commission on Reform of Federal Criminal Laws and the Model Penal Code of the American Law Institute, and proposed a general obstruction section. The section provides an exception when the official action interfered with is itself illegal. This is a remarkably libertarian feature, murky or nonexistent in present law, and running counter to widely held beliefs that controversies over the legitimacy of official action should be settled in court rather than by informal and violent "self-help."

The Drinan bill deletes any general obstruction provision. The Kennedy bill has a watered-down version, but not watered down enough to satisfy the ACLU. Representative Elizabeth Holtzman, who for years joined with the right wing in the House Judiciary Committee to bottle up *any* comprehensive code reform, provided the ludicrous extreme example of the scare tactics being used. At a hearing on the bill, she put to Senator Kennedy, testifying for reform, the following horrible hypothetical: "The CIA is about to administer dangerous drugs experimentally to a woman's husband. She dashes the cup from his hands. Wouldn't this be an offense?" One hopes not. Presumably such CIA activity would be illegal. Presumably the principles of self-defense and defense of others would apply. In any event, only an insane prosecutor would seek an indictment. That same insane prosecutor might prosecute a woman for stealing whiskey from her husband when she was merely seeking to stop his drinking, but this farfetched danger of abuse is hardly a reason not to have laws against theft.

There has been sharp dispute over revision of the Hobbs Act, which makes it a federal crime to use threats of violence for purposes of extortion. The Supreme Court has ruled that the Hobbs Act doesn't apply to violence in the course of otherwise legitimate labor strikes. The Kennedy bill initially maintained federal jurisdiction for bombing and other serious violence against people and important public facilities, leaving trivial picket-line scuffles to be handled under state law. No less a civil libertarian than Justice William O. Douglas supported this policy. But under pressure, the Senate Judiciary Committee retreated to the position of maintaining federal jurisdiction only for threats of violence to people. The House bill maintains the full labor dispute exemption. Reasonable people may differ about how far federal jurisdiction should overlap state criminal law in this field. But it's hard to detect a serious civil liberties issue in the question of whether it is better to have state or federal prosecution against extortionate threats of violence in the context of labor disputes.

The Senate version of the reformed code does raise legitimate concerns about "preventive detention," although the controversial section is a far cry from the abuse generally designated by that phrase. Preventive detention is the practice of denying bail—that is, freedom—to an accused person awaiting trial, out of belief that the person may commit crimes in the interim. This amounts to punishment without conviction. The only clearly constitutional reason for pre-trial detention is a risk that the accused won't show up for trial, not predictions of misbehavior. But judges frequently impose impossibly high bail in order to keep untried defendants in jail when the judge believes the defendant is guilty and dangerous. It is easy to do that while pretending that the reason for detention is the risk of flight. Both the House and Senate bills require

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that the accused must be released without posting bail unless the judge rules explicitly that there is a significant risk the accused won't show up for trial. But the Senate version says that "upon *ordering release*" the judge can impose conditions, including "severe restrictions" on the accused's freedom, if necessary to safeguard other people. There is a general requirement that the least restrictive condition be used. It's not clear that this vague provision will produce more "preventive detention" than happens surreptitiously now (can imprisonment be a condition of release from prison?), but the House bill sensibly avoids giving even symbolic and partial endorsement to the notorious practice of preventive detention.

Needless to say, any code that will be enacted will be imperfect. "Compromise," that much-reviled stigma of democratic lawmaking, will flaw the work. There will be an agenda for future reform. To begin with, there will be the fight over capital punishment and all the other political hot potatoes mentioned at the beginning of this article. There are other worthwhile reform proposals that have disappeared in the protracted evolution of the bills and the attempt to assuage one special interest or another. For example:

Responsibility for corporate crime. The National Commission on Reform of Federal Criminal Laws recommended that responsible corporate officials be considered accomplices in corporate crime, even if it cannot be proved that they ordered the misconduct, if there was "willful default in supervision" manifesting assent to the commission of the offense. It is time that the criminal law reached corporate higher-ups who "look the other way" while subordinates cheat for the benefit of the corporation.

Publicity of corporate offenses. The National Commission included in its "study draft" a section authorizing the judge to require a convicted corporation to publicize the conviction by advertising or otherwise. This would hit corporate offenders in their public relations, where they are most sensitive.

Disqualification of criminal corporate managers. The same study draft proposed to authorize the judge to oust a corporate official who is convicted of crime from management responsibilities in the same or similar organizations, if the scope of his or her illegal actions demonstrated untrustworthiness. This would resemble existing laws that disqualify public officials who commit certain crimes.

Narrowing federal obscenity law. The pending reform bills reflect some progress, but at least two further restrictions should be imposed. The test of acceptability should be not "local" community standards but national, as befits a nationwide code. Anything else should be left to local law enforcement, to the extent that the Constitution permits imposition of such insular moral codes. A local community standard for federal law leaves the publisher of widely distributed material open to federal prosecution in the most easily offended locality.

Presumption against incarceration. The National Commission on Reform of Criminal Laws recommended that a prison sentence not be imposed unless the sentencing judge deemed it more appropriate than probation. This is not an onerous requirement. It does not require evidence to support the belief, nor make the judge's decision against probation reviewable. It merely advises judges of congressional policy, and requires the judge at least to address himself consciously to the possibility of probation. The law ought to embody a common policy for cases, so frequently encountered in practice, where the considerations seem evenly balanced. The balance should be tipped in favor of freedom.

Regulatory offenses. There are innumerable misdemeanors and petty offenses defined in statutes regulating health, safety, environment, record keeping, and so on. Maximum penalties vary from fine to a year in jail. Often violators can be punished whether or not they were aware that they were doing anything wrong. The statutes do not discriminate between a first offender in a technical violation and a repeated violator who endangers the community. The recommendation of the National Commission on Reform of Federal Criminal Laws would bring order out of this chaos.

Short-term imprisonment. The reform bills as they now stand classify all offenses into relatively few categories (five felonies, three misdemeanors), replacing the limitless arbitrary variations found in present law. But there still are four different classes of short-term offenses with maximum sentences of up to 18 months. Six months should be the outside limit, and most misdemeanors should carry a limit of 30 days. "Infractions" and innocent technical violations of regulations should not be prison offenses at all. Short-term imprisonment is one of the ugliest features of the present penal system. Such sentences are served in the poorest facilities, in total idleness, without even a pretense of effort to rehabilitate. We may not be able to do without short sentences as a deterrent to minor crimes, but they should be kept short indeed. There is no reason to believe that the difference between 60 days and six months, or between six months and 18 months, adds in the slightest to the law's deterrent effect.

Those who are struggling to achieve a modern liberal federal criminal code would do well to ponder what Benjamin Franklin said at the end of the debates over the federal Constitution:

> [W]hen you assemble a number of men to have the advantage of their joint wisdom, you inevitably assemble with those men, all their prejudices, their passions, their errors of opinion, their local interests, and their selfish views. From such an Assembly can a perfect production be expected? It therefore astonishes me, Sir, to find this system approaching so near to perfection as it does. . . . Thus I consent, Sir, to this Constitution because I expect no better, and because I am not sure that it is not the best.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Restored and Revisited

I hadn't seen Orson Welles's *Macbeth* since it was first released in 1948, and I went to see it again recently because it's now available in a restored version. Bob Gitt, a film archivist at UCLA, aided by the Folger Shakespeare Library, has found and put back 21 minutes that had been cut by Republic Studios, the producers, after some previews. Gitt has also restored some sequences that were in the released version but had originally been differently edited by Welles, and he has restored the first sound track, done with Scottish burrs, in place of the later track insisted upon by Republic. The opening of the first reel, with Welles's voice-over introduction, is apparently lost.

My opinion of this *Macbeth*, based on long-term remembrance, had nowhere to go but up, and up is certainly where it has gone. The sound track now has consistency, and the Scottish accents, though not needful, are no impediment. (The second track was a patchwork—Welles had left for Europe and looped in some of his stuff from abroad.) I can't specify what the restorations are, but the previously released film ran only 86 minutes; an addition of almost 25 percent had to make a huge difference. Whatever the details of Gitt's job, Welles's *Macbeth* is now a bold, exciting, innovative film.

It is not Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. I'm not going to reopen the old critical hassle of whether or not there is an ideal *Macbeth* (or any other classic); I simply tell again the beads of my Shakespeare-on-film rosary: no film of a Shakespeare play can be that play because form is not incidental in a titan's creation and because film is primarily powerful in ways that are either secondary to Shakespeare's intent or else completely outside his knowledge. Shakespeare is in his language. Admittedly, very few theater productions of his plays are uncut, but few theater productions are as condensed as even the best Shakespeare films must be. Above and after all, these plays originate and reside in their language, and that language has dynamics and being that are uncongenial to film.

But Welles knew all this. He said, "I use Shakespeare's words and characters to make motion pictures. They are variations on his themes. . . ." In *Macbeth* he used only about one-third of Shakespeare's words, and he rearranged sequences within that third. He also said of his Shakespeare films, "What I am trying to do is to see the outside, real world through the same eyes as the inside, fabricated one." So it's no surprise that his *Macbeth* has often been called expressionist. But in aesthetic terms, the most striking aspect of this restored film is Welles's apparently quite conscious attempt to fuse a third form out of theater and film.

This *Macbeth* began on stage. Part of Republic's budget was allocated to a production of the play by and with Welles in Salt Lake City with some of the same people who were in the subsequent film. (Not Agnes Moorehead who was the Lady in Utah and who would have helped the film). Then, with settings by Fred Ritter and camera by John L. Russell, with himself again in the title role, Welles shot the film at Republic in 23 days.

Before we get to the achievements, here are some of the oddities. First, there are textual bumps even for a particularized version. The witches are not agents of Fate, they themselves are made to seem malevolent toward Macbeth. An early line of theirs—"Peace! The charm's wound up"—is placed at the very end to make it seem as if they had accomplished what *they* set out to do. (That last shot, of Macbeth's castle on a hill, is a clear reminder of the end of *Citizen Kane*.) In Shakespeare the witches are both instrumentalities of immensity and the voices of one man's buried desires and fears; in Welles they are merely evil. Banquo's speech, "Thou hast it now," plainly a soliloquy, is spoken right to Macbeth. Lady Macbeth's berating of her husband for his spasms of fear during the banquet—again plainly meant to be private—is shouted before all the guests. A character called a Holy Father was constructed out of some lines of the Old Man, Ross, and others, to serve, said Welles, as a moral referent for Macbeth's actions; this construct fails to achieve what Shakespeare had already done in some of the omitted text. The Porter is sliced to virtually nothing; if he was being sliced, why then add a line of Toby Belch's from *Twelfth Night*?

Notes on dress: Lady Macbeth wears very false eyelashes. Macbeth is apparently the only man in the Scotland of his day who had a 20th-century barber; everyone else has long hair. All his headgear—his Mongolian helmet at the start, his square crown, his Statue of Liberty helmet at the end—seem designed to dare us to laugh. Also the Holy Father's braided wig.

Performances: All except Macbeth and Banquo (Edgar Barrier) are inadequate. Jeanette Nolan makes Lady Macbeth the sexy wife of a corporate vice president, fierce for hubby's promotion. Roddy McDowall flutes as Malcolm, Dan O'Herlihy is milky as Macduff. The worst scene in the film, possibly the worst in all of Welles, is the one where Macduff learns of his family's

Films Worth Seeing

Fame. The plot is plotzy, but the performing is dynamite. About the talents and drive of High School of Performing Arts students in NYC.

The Outsider. Except for the opening and close in the US, this is a strong and too-true drama about the Irish troubles today.

Rockers. Jamaican music and musical speech. People under their own names in an invented story. Nicely fabricated "folk" art.

Rough Cut. That big-heist story again, with sex. Mediocre pastry, but Burt Reynolds and David Niven fans can enjoy.

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Orson Welles in *Macbeth*

slaughter. Not just the acting, the direction as well.

But most of the standard objections to this film seem to me to miss the point. It's been dubbed the "papier-mâché" *Macbeth* because of its sets, it's been castigated for its obvious studio lighting. These strictures, and more, grow out of the belief that film automatically equals realism; and they grow too out of hunger for the same kinds of cinematic virtuosity that Welles had shown in *Citizen Kane* and *The Magnificent Ambersons*, a poetic realism so prodigally inventive that it's almost as if he was making the first films ever and the world was lucky that the terrain was being discovered by a young man with genius.

In *Macbeth* he is moving past realism. The prior theater production in Utah shows that this movement was quite conscious. (In 1936 he had done a so-called "voodoo" *Macbeth*, transposed to Haiti, with an all-black cast in a Harlem theater. I saw it and can remember being disquieted by it.) The film settings are meant to look like settings, the way they would in a symbolic stage production. The lighting and photography are meant to evoke the atmosphere of the theater. This is not the "invisible" photography of most films, in which we are meant to see only the subject, nor the "visible" photography of German expressionist films (antecedents of *Kane* and *Ambersons*), in which we are meant to be aware of film's power to make the visual texture a character in the drama. The lighting of *Macbeth*, in most shots, surrounds the subjects with the magic air that surrounds theater actors in non-realistic stage lighting, that strange feeling of the consecration of space. In *Macbeth* there is very little sense that Welles is trying to show that film can take things from the theater and do them better; he is taking from the theater *and* film and trying to do something else, to blend them, to give us a theater experience through film and vice versa, and therefore something different from a usual theater or film experience. The most comparable lighting that I know—call it theater/film style—occurs in much of what Fellini has been doing since *La Dolce Vita*.

With this general look of things, Welles has also worked for flowing motion. Whenever possible, a scene is led by the camera and the actors' movement into the next scene, which often means merely moving to another part of the huge multiple set, moving into changed lights. (Peter Brook did something like this in his film of *Marat/Sade*, 1967.) It's easy to say that Welles was going after the fluency of the Elizabethan stage, the speed that was such a big part of Granville Barker's theory of Shakespeare production, but doing it on film is more daring than on stage. On film it doesn't obey its medium, it challenges. It underscores artifice, rather than intensifying film realism, as the deep-focus and traveling shots of Renoir do.

Conceptually, scene after scene reminded me of drawings and photographs of the work of Gordon Craig and Robert Edmond Jones and Norman Bel Geddes: sculptural masses molded by the fall of light; a forest of spears rising, against a white background, out of a black blot of men; Birnam Wood floating through mist toward Dunsinane as the avenging army approaches, carrying boughs; the thick curve of old stone stairways; the fracturing of space to force the action toward the viewer. In one sense, seeing this *Macbeth* is seeing how a filmmaker profited from some of the most imaginative theater designers of the half-century before him.

In his union of theater and film—neither filmed play nor stagy film but an aesthetic union—Welles is using ideas as revolutionary as those in *Kane*, though surely they have had much less influence. One clue to his intent is that remark of his, quoted earlier, about trying to see the outside world through the inside one. As in the theater, a double action is entailed. In a symbolically designed play, the non-real look tells us that the work's reality is internal; and, in turn, that inner reality is externalized in the physical abstractions of the production. The difference here from the theater is in the greater immediacy of that internal reality—a face, or some faces, sometimes as the whole of what we see; the voice-over soliloquies drifting up from inside; the almost palpable increase in envelopment by inner states.

I've left to last one of the best elements in the film, thrilling and also a bit poignant in the light of Welles's subsequent career—his own performance of Macbeth. It is all *acted*, in every good sense of that battered term; it is all imagined, crafted, projected, realized. Nothing is ticked off to personality or booming or eccentric reading as a substitute for design. In every one of the big moments, Welles rises to the heroic. He doesn't try to slide around the edge as he did later in Othello and much later in Falstaff. When he bursts at the news that Banquo's son has escaped the assassins, when he assails the witches after he is king, he is in full fury, trying the measure of his spirit and his throat against the tragic event. And the haunted, doomed, futile touch is in him, too. His reading of "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow," during which we look only at one shot of swirling clouds, is the best I have ever heard.

We all owe thanks to Bob Gitt.

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Robert Brustein on theater

Reflections on a Successful Season

The time has come again when the Broadway accountants pull out their calculators, tot up the profits, and declare this to be one of the most successful theater seasons in history. It always happens just about the same time as that annual orgy of self-congratulation known as the Tony ceremonies, and it is invariably accompanied by ecstatic encomiums, in the *New York Times* and *Variety*, to the bursting health of the American theater. By now my own demurrer on this issue probably has become as predictable as the annual celebrations, but here goes anyway, just for the sake of the record. I'm not going to be the first to break an established pattern.

What hath this successful season wrought? Well, the customary quota of hits, including a few late-entry musical bonanzas after what looked like an unusual dearth. No one can dispute the fact that people are buying a lot of tickets to New York shows, in spite of the high prices, the low quality, the squalid atmosphere of Times Square, the congested traffic, the astronomical parking rates, the poor neighborhood restaurants, and the cramped legroom of the theaters. Nowhere is inflation more demonstrable than on Broadway (tickets next year will be as high as $30 each, and even a Mounds bar now costs $1.50), but nowhere does it seem to be a matter of such indifference. Why, they're even shelling out generously for two "serious" plays—*Talley's Folly* and *Children of a Lesser God*—both of which, observing the current formula, originated in those busy tryout areas once known as the "nonprofit" theater.

In the same season, two former favorites of Broadway audiences, Edward Albee and Tennessee Williams, saw their new works taken off the stage with the kind of celerity usually reserved for removing accidental canine deposits from the living-room carpet. The plays hardly were destined for immortality, but still, let's leave our celebrated dramatists with a little dignity. As a result of this less than distinguished treatment, Williams is threatening to move to Australia and become a shepherd, meanwhile raging like Lear against the ingratitude of a fickle public. He has a point. How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless theater.

The third member of this unhappy triumvirate, Arthur Miller, also is preparing a new play—another tempting morsel for the serpent's tooth. Miller at least had the good sense to try out *The American Clock* before he exposed it to the local fangs, first Off Broadway, then at the Spoleto Festival. But with open season being declared on the golden oldies, the odds in its favor are not strong, despite a positive premature notice in the *Times*. I've hardly had kind things to say about Miller in the past, and I haven't been very gentle either with Albee or Williams. But I must admit I prefer even their minor efforts to the squashy Pulitzer Prize products of the new romantic realists. For one thing, Miller, Albee, and Williams don't try to be inspirational, and for another, they've never been reluctant to engage genuine social and metaphysical issues (as distinct from social and metaphysical fashions). Anyway, one would think they deserved a little fidelity from their former admirers. Are they now to be discarded like worn-out salesmen or broken glass unicorns? Attention, attention must be paid.

Perhaps the saddest commentary on the health of New York theater, for all its box office robustness, is the local reception of the new company formed by David Jones at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. While Richmond Crinkley has yet to mount his first production at the Vivian Beaumont Theater in Lincoln Center, David Jones already has mounted five ambitious productions with a large company of actors—and been rewarded with both critical yawns and an audience reluctant to cross the boundary spanned by the Brooklyn Bridge. Mel Gussow of the *Times* recently ascribed the problems of this company partly to its lack of a charismatic leading actor—I assume he means a star—but Jones's predecessor, Frank Dunlop, couldn't even make a go of it with Richard Dreyfuss and Ellen Burstyn. The failure is more a matter of geography. The Ford Foundation awarded this company an enormous grant when it was still a gleam in Harvey Lichtenstein's eye, largely out of the conviction that it would help to revive a depressed neighborhood. But all the BAM season has managed to do so far is depress the neighborhood further, not to mention its membership.

Forming his new company in a manner successful in England, Jones gathered together the available local actors with classical experience, supplemented with a few English actors he had worked with before, and then presented the traditional balance of a Shakespeare play (*The Winter's Tale*), a Russian classic (Gorki's *Barbarians*), a new discovery from the rich lore of neglected American plays (Charles MacArthur's *Johnny on the Spot*), and another neglected play relevant to our times (Rachel Crothers's *He and She*). When there was a little leisure for experimentation, he added a double bill of farces by Brecht and Feydeau. Considering Jones's unfamiliarity with American theater, he made, I think, some sensible if uninspired choices of both plays and performers. He went wrong only in failing to understand the peculiar customs and conditioning of New York theatergoing.

What are these? Audiences don't go to plays, they go to hits. Reviewers don't cover seasons, they deal with single performances. Neither audiences nor critics are interested in actors, they gape at stars. And virtually nobody has the capacity to confront the intent of a production rather than pick away at its component parts. The typical New York notice is a mixture largely of likes and dislikes, making it a wonder someone didn't say about the Crothers play, "Loved He, hated She." Instead, they all just hated He *and* She, and lost the chance to analyze how the play might have revealed the identity of the company.

Tyrone Guthrie, prophetic as he often was about American resident theaters, believed that it was impossible to establish a permanent company in New York, or even close to New York (he rejected an offer from my home city of Boston, preferring the frozen tundras of Minneapolis). He knew how vulnerable a New York-based company would be to depredations by critics, agents, and movie moguls, affirming that the only way to develop something permanent was to find a place where the community could consider the theater a cultural resource, and not simply a piece of raw meat for ravening animals. After Guthrie's retirement and death, his own Minneapolis company started to ossify. Although Guthrie scheduled relatively conventional plays, he never staged them conventionally, whereas the efforts of his successors—with the notable exception of Alvin Epstein's brief stint in the late 1970s—turned the theater into an artifact. As for the actors, they felt so

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exiled in Minneapolis that they once begged the management to take out an ad in the *New York Times* declaring that, contrary to current opinion, they were all still alive. Nonetheless, despite these pitfalls, Guthrie was correct in believing that burial in Minneapolis was preferable to cremation in New York. With rigor mortis, at least, you keep your original shape.

That leaves New York with Joe Papp, traditionally the one stable exponent in this variable equation. But even Papp's stability is problematical today. For all his feverish policy changes at the Public Theater, Papp always remained faithful to his first love, Shakespeare in the Park. The summer season was short, but at least it featured great plays free to the public, performed by a permanent company. This summer in Central Park, however, Papp is offering Linda Ronstadt in *The Pirates of Penzance* to a middle-class paying audience.

To draw the obvious conclusion, what we have is drought in the midst of plenty. During another of its most successful seasons in history, New York theater currently is without major playwrights, without actors committed to the stage, without more than a handful of innovative directors, without Shakespeare in the Park, without a major resident company certain to survive the next season. Audiences at Lincoln Center continue to pour into the Met, the New York State Theater, and Philharmonic Hall, but New York's legitimate resident theater, the Beaumont, remains vacant for the third consecutive year. If opera, music, or dance were in such an extreme state, we would be looking at scare headlines in the *New York Times* and *Variety*. Instead, we are being asked to applaud box office receipts and attendance figures, and invited to join the general rejoicing.

He was among the greatest artists of this century.

In Memoriam—A.H. (1899-1980)

by Mark Crispin Miller

For years, Alfred Hitchcock was written off as "the master of suspense," and now the late Sir Alfred has been similarly eulogized. The epithet is rich with slighting implications. It suggests, first of all, that Hitchcock was stuck in a rut, playing with kid stuff: he made "thrillers" (as John Ford made "Westerns"), while Welles and Bergman created films. "Master of suspense" also connotes the technician's narrow expertise. Knowing all the tricks of the trade, that "master" could work his audience adroitly. Such a talent seems manipulative as well as limited; a "master of suspense" is, literally, a puppeteer.

Of course the epithet has always been used with affection by those well-meaning triflers who call themselves "film buffs." These people like to memorize "great touches," "classic scenes," the clips that fill out TV specials: Cary Grant on his way upstairs with the Fatal Glass of Milk, Cary Grant running away from the crop-dusting plane, Cary Grant on his way downstairs with Ingrid Bergman, Janet Leigh taking her shower. By celebrating only a few thrills, these enthusiasts perpetuate the notion that Hitchcock was simply a gifted sensationalist, which is just what his detractors like to claim: "a dealer in shock, as another might go in for dry goods" (Dwight MacDonald), "a pop cynic, cinematically ingenious" (Stanley Kauffmann), "a masterly builder of mousetraps," whose techniques "have more to do with gamesmanship than with art" (Pauline Kael), etc. He has been both dismissed and idolized for the same wrong reason. His fans and his critics implicitly agree that Alfred Hitchcock will loom large in the annals of mass titillation, along with P T. Barnum, Josef Goebbels, and the roller coaster.

Hitchcock himself inadvertently helped to foster this impression. Although voluble in interviews, he shied away from exegesis. He would hastily explain things in the simplest terms, or frustrate questions of interpretation with genial acquiescence. Asked if a certain scene might have this or that significance, Hitchcock would agree that it was possible, and the subject would be closed: "Isn't it a fascinating design? One could study it forever." Rather than play the critic, he would tell anecdotes, formulate rules on narrative strategy, and boast about his technical inventions: "By the way, did you like the scene with the glass of milk?" he asked Truffaut: "I put a light right inside the glass because I wanted it to be luminous." He would pretend not to have thought about the most important things, dwelling instead on how he got the glass to glow, the merry-go-round to run wild, the plane to crash at sea.

This apparent fascination with mechanics sometimes was taken as proof that Hitchcock was only after neat effects and crude responses. In fact, the opposite is true. He considered those effects amusing, but not all that important since he seemed downright eager to spoil their impact by carefully explaining them. (Even while *The Birds* was still in production, he was already telling interviewers how he managed the illusion of a bird attack.) Moreover, by talking mostly about the nuts and bolts of spectacle, Hitchcock could avoid making authorial pronouncements that might have limited the meanings of his films. He would not struggle to describe what he wanted his viewers to see for themselves.

This was his implicit purpose, and the secret of his inexhaustible cinema: he wanted his viewers to learn for themselves how to see for themselves. He would have us discover our vision, and then distrust it. "You expect quite a lot of your audience," suggested one interviewer. "For those who want it," he replied: "I don't think films should be looked at *once*." "For those who want it": although Hitchcock was adept at providing his one-shot viewers with a good 90-minute jolt, he was uneasy about so mechanical an exercise, and worked, ever more subtly, to draw the viewer toward an awareness of visual nuance that would surpass the immediate pleasures of the one-night stand. And he could do this because he had mastered every aspect of his art.

He was a great screenwriter. Although he took a writer's credit only once after 1932 (for *Dial M for Murder*),

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his was the guiding intelligence behind nearly all his scripts, and "quite a bit" (he said) of the actual dialogue was his own: "You see I used to be a writer myself years ago," he once remarked, with his usual nonchalance. His narrative abilities, his sense of plot and pacing, remain unequaled. Moreover, he had a genius for colloquialism. Although largely noted for some macabre *double entendres* ("Mother—what is the phrase?—isn't quite herself today"), Hitchcock's dialogue is, in fact, exemplary in every way—witty, succinct, evocative, and full of meaning, as simple conversations, "innocent remarks," work tellingly against the visual event. This kind of irony depends on several gifts: Hitchcock was as skillful a dramatic poet as a *metteur-en-scène*. He would claim not to care about the wording of the lines, but his deft scripts and careful working habits belie this pretense of indifference. He approached his writers not as taskmaster, but as a scrupulous collaborator, able to draw the best from Charles Bennett, Ernest Lehman, Thornton Wilder, Evan Hunter, John Michael Hayes, and many others, including his wife, Alma Reville, who was his right hand from 1922 until the end.

He also worked effectively with actors, inspiring dozens of the most memorable portrayals in cinema, and countless vivid bits from hundreds of supporting players. We are often told that his actors merely posed for the camera, but that judgment is absurd. Hitchcock's dramas of ambivalence demanded that his actors project the most complex of characterizations: Teresa Wright's Charlie, passing from blitheness into uneasy resignation in *Shadow of a Doubt*; Claude Rains's Alex Sebastien in *Notorious*, charming and miserable, then savagely resentful, and, in the same film, Ingrid Bergman as Alicia Huberman, as reckless in rejection as in love; Herbert Marshall's guilt-ridden ironist in *Foreign Correspondent*; Oscar Homolka's *petit bourgeois* subversive, sly and thoughtless, in *Sabotage*; Jessica Tandy as Mrs. Brenner in *The Birds*, struggling to preserve her household and her sanity; and many more, including Hitchcock's three great monsters: Joseph Cotten as Uncle Charlie, the dapper nihilist in *Shadow of a Doubt*, Robert Walker in *Strangers on a Train*, as the feline and dissipated Bruno Anthony, and, in *Psycho*, Anthony Perkins as Norman Bates, the boyish mass murderer and malaprop. Hitchcock displayed Cary Grant's great flexibility in *Notorious, Suspicion, North by Northwest*, and *To Catch a Thief*, showed something of James Stewart's range in *Rear Window, Vertigo, Rope*, and the remake of *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, and proved that Grace Kelly was more than just a chilly face.

"I have never worked with anyone who was more considerate, more helpful, more understanding of actors than Hitchcock," says James Stewart, who ought to know, and Ingrid Bergman once suggested that "every actor who has ever worked with Hitchcock would like to work with him again." There were a few who might have disagreed. Because he never improvised and liked to do things amicably, Hitchcock did not work well with temperamental types (Charles Laughton in *Jamaica Inn*, Kim Novak in *Vertigo*), and was impatient with those Method actors (Montgomery Clift in *I Confess*, Paul Newman in *Torn Curtain*) who asked a lot of questions. Nevertheless, his experience with actors was, by and large, a happy one, as those two tributes and many fine performances attest. That celebrated crack about actors and cattle had nothing to do with Hitchcock's practice (and is, moreover, untraceable, although Hitchcock liked to provoke people by repeating it).

It was, above all, in his use of technique that Hitchcock most obviously surpassed his peers and guided his successors. The buffs are too restrained in their praises. Since by "technique" they actually mean "ingenious bits," their little list of Hitchcock's great effects—shower, crop-duster, glass of milk—is much too short. Those better-known moments represent only a handful of Hitchcock's many master strokes: in *Blackmail*, a chase through the British Museum, all done with mirrors, in the studio; in *Spellbound*, a shot, from the suicidal gunman's point of view, of a hand holding a pistol, which slowly turns and fires into the camera ("I wound up using a giant hand," Hitchcock explained, "and a gun four times the natural size"); the dizzying subjective shot in *Vertigo*; the "score" of *The Birds*, all electronic sound effects (even the climactic "silence"); the dolly back down the stairs and out into the street in *Frenzy*; and so on. As a

The Films of Alfred Hitchcock

The Pleasure Garden, 1925
The Mountain Eagle (lost), 1925
The Lodger, 1926
Downhill, 1927
Easy Virtue, 1927
The Ring, 1927
The Farmer's Wife, 1928
Champagne, 1928
The Manxman, 1929
Blackmail (Hitchcock's, and Britain's, first talkie), 1929
Elstree Calling (sketches), 1930
Juno and the Paycock, 1930
Murder, 1930
The Skin Game, 1931
Rich and Strange, 1931
Number Seventeen, 1932
Waltzes from Vienna, 1933
The Man Who Knew Too Much, 1934
The Thirty-Nine Steps, 1935
The Secret Agent, 1936
Sabotage, 1937
Young and Innocent, 1937
The Lady Vanishes, 1938
Jamaica Inn, 1939
Rebecca (Hitchcock's first American film), 1940
Foreign Correspondent, 1940
Mr. and Mrs. Smith, 1941
Suspicion, 1941
Saboteur, 1942
Shadow of a Doubt, 1943
Lifeboat, 1943
Spellbound, 1945
Notorious, 1946
The Paradine Case, 1947
Rope, 1948
Under Capricorn, 1949
Stage Fright, 1950
Strangers on a Train, 1951
I Confess, 1953
Dial M for Murder, 1954
Rear Window, 1954
To Catch a Thief, 1955
The Trouble with Harry, 1955
The Man Who Knew Too Much, 1956
The Wrong Man, 1957
Vertigo, 1958
North by Northwest, 1959
Psycho, 1960
The Birds, 1963
Marnie, 1964
Torn Curtain, 1966
Topaz, 1969
Frenzy, 1972
Family Plot, 1976

At the time of his death, Hitchcock was at work on the screenplay of his 55th film.

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craftsman, Hitchcock was, indeed, unparalleled, so well acquainted with his tools that he never had to look into the camera, because he always knew how any given shot would come out.

Technique, however, involves much more than virtuosity. The buffs not only ignore most of Hitchcock's technical feats, but further belittle his achievement by extolling those feats only as triumphs of engineering: they marvel that he could work his gadgets and his audience with equal dexterity, thus praising his films as just the kind of empty *tours de force* we would expect from a "master of suspense." But why, if Hitchcock was such a skillful manipulator, were his attempts at drumbeating (*Lifeboat, Saboteur, Foreign Correspondent*) too equivocal to do the job? A "master of suspense" ought to have excelled at propaganda, along with Ford and Capra, but Hitchcock's vision was not unambiguous enough. And why did Hitchcock insist that "most films should be seen through more than once," if all he wanted from his viewers was a certain number of shrieks and shudders? Did Hitchcock ever rely on gimmickry, or use his technique as a behaviorist might use electrodes? On the contrary, that technique, while always startling, was always more than that: "I am against virtuosity for its own sake," he told Truffaut: "Technique should enrich the action." That dictum was the fruit of long experience. The more carefully we study Hitchcock's technique, the more exciting it becomes, for it is always apt, suggestive, multiply significant, its images meticulously conceived and conjoined. It is, in short, the work of a man who ought simply to be honored as "the Master."

How, then, do we explode that other epithet? We might consider the other modes that Hitchcock had "mastered," and point out that he was also adept at comedy, and that he had a fine eye for the glow and shadows of romance, and that he was an able satirist. Lists, however, are no more useful than labels. Anyone can simply catalogue an artist's capabilities (as I have been doing here), but that is the sport of buffs and columnists: Hitchcock's genius demands a more expansive kind of appraisal, which film criticism is not ready to yield. No easy categories can do him justice, just as his would-be mimics have missed the point. His style, supposedly all lurid tricks and broad contrivances, has proved inimitable. Among the dozens of *hommages* and parodies—attempts by Truffaut, Claude Chabrol, Stanley Donen, Mel Brooks, Brian de Palma, and others—not one successfully evokes the source. No other director has been able to attain the peculiar intensity, the mood of ambiguous discovery, that gives Hitchcock's films an emotional power which only increases with familiarity.

Hitchcock sustained this power through half a century because he never lost his thorough understanding of the viewer: "I always take the audience into account," he insisted, expressing something subtler than the cunning of a seasoned showman. He never condescended to his audience, never failed to honor their presence, and yet he never trusted them. He felt this deep ambivalence almost from the start of his career, at which time it was something new. Earlier filmmakers, such as Porter, Griffith, Murnau, and Eisenstein, had expected to uplift their eager viewers, hoping that film would put an end to war and ignorance. As a young viewer, then as an apprentice screenwriter and art director, and finally as a director, Hitchcock saw that film had different, more sinister, effects.

Once inside the theater, individuals would melt into a wide-eyed herd. Film brought out the worst in those huddled spectators, who now could enjoy, vicariously, the vices they would ordinarily denounce. Moreover, they were fickle as well as hypocritical and timid, taking sides according to the filmmaker's whim. Deft editing could overwhelm all ethical distinctions. If a character was nice-looking and endangered, the audience automatically would take his side: show a dashing burglar on the job, then cut to someone coming to surprise him, and suddenly the thief becomes heroic.

Since the viewers put their faith in visual conventions, moreover, "goodness" and "evil" were simply the impressions made by angle, lighting, setting, composition. The viewer would cherish the bright smile in the sunny doorway, condemn the half-lit scowl around the corner. He was, it turned out, no earnest pupil, ripe for betterment, but a thoughtless bigot, making facile judgments in the dark.

Whereas men like Griffith and Eisenstein saw themselves as the custodians of a beneficent new force, Hitchcock distrusted the new medium, with its coercive images and credulous crowds. The process of spectacle—plays, concerts, circuses, games, court trials,

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—Robert B. Reich,
**The New Republic*

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public speeches—always is charged with menace in his films: gunmen take aim from theater boxes, murderers try to disappear into their roles, with audiences watching. Film seems especially dangerous in Hitchcock's films. In *Saboteur*, a comic shoot-out in a movie coincides with (and conceals) a real shoot-out in the movie theater, and in *Sabotage* a little boy rides a bus, carrying a time bomb (unwittingly) and two reels of film. The explosion kills every passenger. The film ends with the explosion of a movie theater.

The uneasiness implicit in these sequences led Hitchcock to perfect a brilliant adversary style. While apparently gratifying the viewer's wish for adventure and "suspense," Hitchcock actually encourages the viewer to go beyond these vivid first impressions. Unlike his predecessors, who strained to have us see the simple truth, Hitchcock would have us see ourselves straining to see. He never allowed his audience the somnolent comforts of the dark, the soft chair, the warm buttered popcorn, but blocked that sweet escape with troubling reminders of the viewer's habits and desires. His films seem to point back at us, and our presence and shortsightedness become a part of the story on the screen.

A famous sequence in *The Thirty-Nine Steps* provides a good example. The film begins with a legend on a marquee: "MUSIC HALL," the words lighting up, one letter at a time, to the rhythm of a merry overture. An anonymous figure appears at the ticket booth ("Stalls, please"), then inside, handing his ticket to the usher, then taking his seat: Richard Hannay (Robert Donat), a visitor from Canada, and, so far, no more remarkable than any other spectator in his (or our) midst. He watches the performance of Mr. Memory, an expert at recalling trivia, and offers, as a colorless viewer, a colorless question ("How far is Winnipeg from Montreal?"). A few minutes later a brawl breaks out, someone fires a pistol, and in the stampede for the exits Hannay finds himself embracing a frightened woman (Lucie Mannheim) who, once outside, asks him to take her home.

Coming:

Ann Douglas on

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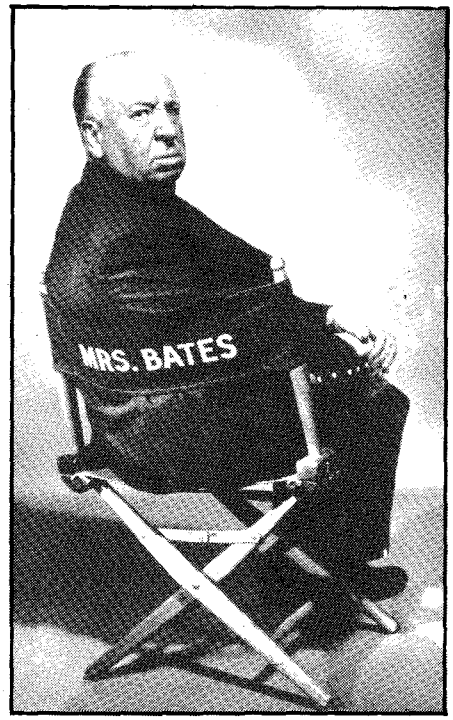
She behaves mysteriously upon entering his flat, avoiding the windows, asking that he turn out the lights, ignore the phone, turn his mirror to the wall. They go into the kitchen for a late supper. As Hannay, still wearing his heavy overcoat, cuts the bread and fries the haddock, "Miss Smith" sits at the table, seductively casual, slowly removing her gloves. She claims to be a spy on a mission, and says that there are two men lingering across the street, waiting to kill her. Hannay sees the men through the window, but responds coldly to her exotic story, muttering about "persecution mania" and keeping on that overcoat, as if fearing for his virtue; "You're welcome to my bed," he says, adding that he'll sleep out on the couch.

Late in the night, "Miss Smith"



Alfred Hitchcock

staggers into the room where Hannay lies sleeping: "Clear out—Hannay! Or they'll get you too!" She waves a piece of paper toward him, then throws her head back, chokes melodramatically, and falls. So far Hannay, sitting up on the couch, watches this unexpected death scene at a protective distance: Hitchcock shoots the woman's final agony as if it were a floor show, with Hannay as detached as any audience, his prostrate form defining the lower border of the frame, and his face turned toward the spectacle, away from us, as if he were someone sitting one seat ahead. But now Hannay's career as a spectator comes to an end. The woman falls startlingly across his lap, like a ballerina diving into the front row; and with the shock of this transgression comes the shocking revelation of a huge knife stuck in the woman's back.

Although we and Hannay see it simultaneously, Hannay ceases merely to watch. In looking down at the knife, he turns his face toward the camera, thereby giving up the viewer's sheltering anonymity and taking on the burdens of the actor. He is now vulnerable (shown for the first time without his overcoat), thrust into the very action which he had denied, and oddly guilty: Hitchcock cuts to a close-up of the telephone as it begans to ring again, then to a shot of Hannay backing toward the window, wiping his hands while staring uneasily off at the dead woman, exactly as if he himself had murdered her. The conjunction suggests that Hannay has discovered something fearful within himself: he is no innocent bystander, but capable of murder, like the men outside, or capable of being murdered, like the dead woman before him. He now assumes her obligations and her furtiveness, as if to acknowledge this realization.

The sequence is charged with more significance than can be fully treated here, but we ought to note this crucial strategy: Hannay at first regards his world as if he were not part of it, that is, just as we regard the film; and he can only become effective once he is surprised out of this attitude. Thus Hitchcock's main characters often first appear as emissaries from the realm of viewers. Carefully dressed and too sure of themselves, each apprehends his world like a bored spectator, killing time until the house lights come up. They presume themselves superior to what they watch; and we share that assumption, until coming to perceive the deeper resemblance between "hero" and "villain," the interdependence of "good" and "bad," and, by extension, the disturbing bonds between ourselves and those characters who had at first seemed evil, mad, ridiculous. Many of Hitchcock's strongest sequences are centered on a shot of recognition, in which some blithe viewer suddenly discerns himself: these shots become more powerful with time, the more we see them not as quick portraits of some "reaction" necessary to the plot, but as reflections.

Each of Hitchcock's masterpieces reflects upon its viewers differently. *Suspicion* plays on the distortions of subjective vision, showing how "suspicion" can imbue neutral images with a sense of menace: Lina suspects that her easygoing Johnnie is a murderer at heart, but only because Lina's heart is

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full of murder. In *Shadow of a Doubt*, satanic Uncle Charlie descends upon his sister's family in Santa Rosa, and threatens Charlie, his adoring niece, with disillusionment and death. This looks like a confrontation between good and evil, until we realize that the girl's "goodness" is merely our invention: in fact, she has called her uncle forth, and finds herself endangered by their similarity.

In *Notorious*, Alicia Huberman is repeatedly misjudged by Devlin and Sebastien, but the imperceptiveness of these two men is only a reflection of our own: Alicia is "notorious" because of us, the staring multitudes that take mean pleasure in a scandal. *Psycho* is unfailingly horrific because it suggests a deep complicity between Norman and his victims, between Norman and his viewers. And there are many more—*The Lodger, Sabotage, The Secret Agent, Strangers on a Train, Vertigo, North by Northwest, The Birds*, and others—whose subtleties demand repeated viewings, whose meanings have been overlooked in the general dismissal of "the master of suspense."

These films contain more excellence than a single eulogy can honor; and, until they become the subject of intensive criticism, Hitchcock's place in history will remain unappreciated. He may have been the most accomplished of modernists ("The fact is I practice absurdity quite religiously!"). As early as the 1920s, he was already working cleverly in the self-reflexive mode, and continued to do so with increasing sophistication: *North by Northwest*, for example, is a modernist masterpiece, centered on nothing at all, and repeatedly referring to itself with an inventiveness and wit unknown in our graduate seminars on literary theory. At the same time, Hitchcock's films display an exquisite sense of psychological nuance. They may be the most compelling works of this Freudian era, continually sifting "normal behavior" for its ambiguities and unspoken motives. Hitchcock may have presented more of the unconscious life than any other modern artist, from the telling quirks of everyday experience to the terrifying spells of madness. And Hitchcock's films are profoundly political. His stories of "ordinary people in bizarre situations" contain a vision as appalling as it is familiar: all of a sudden, determined agents come looking for the wrong man. This chilling situation conveys something of the panic that we sense in novels like *The Trial, Darkness at Noon*, and *1984*. But even more politically significant is Hitchcock's relentless method, available only to the filmmaker: his works encourage us to see anew, to purge our vision of official images and easy preconception. Surrounded by television, we may need Hitchcock's guidance more than ever.

As long as we accept the current trend, however, we will continue to miss the significance of his films and of film in general. Hitchcock's low repute among reviewers tells us something about the current state of film criticism, and also suggests that the Romantic myth of the artist is still confusing millions. If Hitchcock had been a haunted outcast, throwing up at fancy dinners and dying of cirrhosis in his 40s, the reviewers would be calling him a genius. This myth is especially comforting to journalists. The success of Hollywood's great professionals—Hitchcock, Ford, Hawks—tends to rankle many reviewers, who would rather not be reminded that their judgments have no public effect whatsoever, and who therefore prefer directors who seem to need as many champions as possible: foreigners with slight domestic appeal and self-destructive or erratic types like Orson Welles and Erich von Stroheim. Many critics fail to hide a twinge of satisfaction when lamenting these abortive careers. Hitchcock, on the other hand, was too wry, too successful, too round to be hailed as a serious artist. He seemed, in fact, to use his public image to contradict that myth deliberately: with his pear shape, his sober clothes, his profile with its mock-*hauteur*, he looked like an Edwardian greengrocer. His detractors missed the joke, taking it as evidence that Hitchcock lacked imagination, like any other stolid burgher.

That judgment was based on the most superficial of impressions, like all those glib celebrations and dismissals of his work. His great career should now be reconsidered. To refer to Alfred Hitchcock as "the master of suspense" makes as much sense as calling J.M.W. Turner "the seascape whiz," or calling James Joyce an "ace punster." He was the greatest of filmmakers, and among the greatest artists of this century. No other director has made films at once so popular and so profound; no other modern artist has moved so many different audiences for so long. For over 50 years, he tried to tease the viewer awake with films of astonishing complexity and power. Now that he is dead, we ought to look at them again.

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A Revolutionary People at War: The Continental Army and American Character, 1775-1783 by Charles Royster

(University of North Carolina Press for the Institute of Early American History and Culture; $19.50)

The Revolution Remembered: Eyewitness Accounts of the War for Independence edited by John C. Dann

(University of Chicago Press; $20)

The American Revolution never has been a neglected subject. In the effort to explain what America is all about, historians began writing about the revolution almost before it was over and have continued to do so ever since. The most fruitful inquiries of our own time have explored the political and social ideas and activities that caused and were caused by the revolution. In these inquiries the war that the colonists fought to gain independence from England has not figured largely. Until recently the war was something for popular historians dealing in heroism or for military historians dealing in the technicalities of troop movements, logistics, battlefield strategies, chains of command, and so on. In the past five or 10 years, however, the military historians John Shy, Don Higginbotham, and Richard Kohn, among others, have begun to show us that the revolution, whatever it may have been, cannot be understood apart from the war. And the new social historians who deal in statistics have discovered that counting soldiers and where they came from can suggest unsuspected things about the kind of revolution that Americans engaged in.

Now comes Charles Royster with a book on the Continental Army that represents a quantum leap in understanding of the revolution. Royster not only shows us things that we did not know before, he also shows us that we have ignored the significance of things we did know, that in spite of the sophisticated historical research of the past 30 years, we have been avoiding some unpleasant truths in much the same way as the people of 1776 did. It is not his intention to rebuke either us or them. This is not a debunking book or a pretentious one. It is, in fact, not an easy book to classify. It is social history, intellectual history, institutional history, political history, and not any single one of them, which is to say that it is good history.

It is as much about the American people as it is about the army. What it tells us about the American people is that they deceived themselves by a great deal of wishful thinking, and managed to maintain the deception throughout the war and in large measure to the present day. In the quarrel with England before the fighting began, they bore themselves with a righteousness that was not unwarranted. Their cause was good. And when war came they responded with an enthusiasm that they confidently expected would carry the day for them. When it did not, when British might failed to crumble before American right, the Americans only grudgingly admitted the need to oppose trained soldiers with trained soldiers.

From the beginning a number of men, Washington among them, had recognized the need and had called for long-term enlistments in order to be able to train the Continental Army into an effective fighting force. But to most Americans and to their representatives in Congress, it seemed to be admitting a deficiency of public virtue to have to adopt the expedients of the tired monarchies of Europe. It would sully American independence to obtain it by a professional army, the traditional tool of tyrants. Since it had to be done, the less one had to think about it, the more comfortable one felt. And Americans made themselves as comfortable as possible, while a small, starved army went about the unpleasant business of learning to fight like professionals. Even after Congress voted for longer enlistments, the Army never got a fraction of the numbers authorized. Throughout the war Washington had to fill out his ranks with temporary drafts of militia. And neither Congress nor the states would levy the taxes to pay the men who did enlist.

When the Army gained its victory at Yorktown (with more French troops at hand than American) the public quickly translated it into a victory for American virtue. Although they glorified Washington as the embodiment of that virtue, they could not admit that he had won by mere military force, and his success became a justification for past and continued public neglect of the army he led. After the coming of peace, when Washington urged the maintenance of a small, permanent professional force to preserve the independence so hardly won, Congress would have none of it and at once disbanded his still unpaid troops, thus ridding itself of what always had been an embarrassment.

What Royster tells us about the troops themselves is equally revealing and more heartening. One of the facts discovered by the statistical historians is that the men who enlisted on long terms came mostly from the lowest strata of society, a fact that was well known to their contemporaries and that seemed highly appropriate to those who thought of the Army only as a necessary but temporary evil. As Royster puts it, "Once a long-term army became necessary, the public decided that it was the duty only of some men—mainly unmarried sons of farmers, farm laborers, servants, apprentices, slaves, and mechanics—to fill its ranks."

A number of historians have jumped to the conclusion that the young, poor, unmarried men who signed up did so because the bounties and pay offered were better than what they could expect in civilian life. But, as Higginbotham had pointed out earlier, most of the country's young, poor, ummarried men did not join. And Royster makes a strong case for the patriotism and principle of those who did. They did not, in fact, get their pay most of the time. And although it was easy to desert—few deserters were ever caught—the core of men who won the war stayed on in spite of hardships that would have dissolved the professional armies of Europe. What distinguished the Continentals from other Americans was not so much their poverty as their willingness to serve. They became professionals and were proud of it. They learned discipline, but it was a discipline grounded more in respect for their officers than in fear of them. The did not resemble the European professionals who made a career of soldiering. As soon as the war was over, they wanted out even without their pay just as fast as Congress wanted them out.

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The officers did threaten to stay together and use the Army to force Congress to do something about officers' pay and pensions. But it was a hollow threat, easily overcome. Officers and soldiers alike believed, with some reason, that they alone had been faithful to the revolutionary dream. To have subverted the civil government by bringing military pressure on it would have been to break the faith. The only gesture the officers could agree on in the end was to form a civilian organization, the Society of the Cincinnati, dedicated to keeping alive the memory of their own contribution to the revolution. For this, partly because they made membership hereditary, they earned a torrent of abuse as would-be aristocrats. In the exaggerated public denunciations of the Cincinnati, as in the extended public outrage over the treason of General Benedict Arnold, Royster sees the reaction of a public that was feeling the unacknowledged guilt of its own failure to support the men who fought for it: "By attacking the Cincinnati, citizens could reclaim primacy in the revolutionary effort, discredit the officers' pretensions to have saved liberty, and renew the belief that luxury and ambition for distinction were monarchical, military, foreign."

This is an unsettling book. Royster is careful to draw no analogies to the ambiguities of American public behavior in subsequent centuries, but the revolution occupies so large a place in our national consciousness that his perceptions of it carry a powerful resonance.

Those disturbed by what he says may find some compensating satisfaction in another book about the revolution, which details the wartime services of a number of young men who did not sign up with the Continental Army but nevertheless saw action against the enemy. In 1832 Congress passed an act extending pensions to anyone who had served in any military organization for six months or more (legislation in 1818 had given pensions to surviving Army veterans). Now anyone who had served the requisite time in the militia could apply, and in order to do so thousands of old men furnished narratives of their experiences that would demonstrate the genuineness of their claims and the length of their service. From these narratives John C. Dann has selected 79, none of them previously published, and has arranged them to illustrate events in different campaigns and theaters of action.

Fifty-year-old recollections are not much use as sources of fact, and there is nothing here that will alter or challenge traditional accounts of military actions. But when we have discounted the distortions of memory and the self-serving circumstances that elicited the narratives, they tell us much about what it was like to be a young man in the revolution (older men were, of course, long since dead in 1832). Most of the statements were taken down by court clerks or reporters and, as the editor points out, they constitute an early archive of oral history, with colorful incidents perhaps grown more colorful over time. One gains from them a sense of immediacy that is lacking in more formal memoirs of the period.

The applicants naturally stress their enthusiasm for the cause, but they also show unintentionally what it was that disturbed George Washington so much about reliance on the militia and on short-term enlistments. Many of the applicants served at one time and another for much longer than the required six months, but they did it in short stretches that made direction of the war an administrative nightmare. Some were in and out of service a dozen times in the course of the war. They served for periods of a few days, a few weeks, a few months. A fairly typical case was William Hutchinson. He was in for two months at the end of 1776, for three different periods of a little over two months each in 1777, for one period of two months and one of four months in 1778. Then he was out for a year and a half before enlisting for a year in 1780-81.

Conducting military operations with soldiers who were here today and gone tomorrow must have been maddening. Washington was sure that he could have won the war in a fraction of the time with a fraction of the cost if he had been given, as he had asked, a reasonable number of men enlisted for the duration at the outset. Still, there is something to be said for the William Hutchinsons who shied away from committing themselves for years on end but were willing to fight for a couple of months at a time. They were not unpatriotic. They served when called upon. Often they volunteered, not for the duration but for long enough to harass the enemy in their neighborhoods, to intimidate loyalists from giving aid to the enemy, and to fill the ranks of the Army, however unprofessionally, when a battle was coming on. When their time was up, they went home and let someone else do the job for a while, but when they were urgently needed they would be back again.

It was not a professional's way to fight a war, but it was a way that at least kept the British from occupying more than a slender portion of American territory. It did not win the war, but it made losing unlikely. If it meant that the war dragged on for a needlessly long time, it also showed that American resolve could be sustained over that time.

On the other hand, these narratives suggest what a shambles the country would have become if there had been no Continental Army. If the war had been fought by militia it would have been much more a civil war than it was. Militia were citizen soldiers, and they exercised their resentment on citizens who took the other side, as the narratives often disclose. Wherever the militia went they plundered. They killed unnecessarily. They tortured prisoners. And the loyalists responded in kind. War is never pretty, but a people's war can be dirtier than any fought by professionals.

One comes back then to the blessings of the Continental Army and to the niggardly treatment it received from the people whom it saved. We need not

All Honorable Men

The Anti-War Movement in Delaware 1965-1966

By Joseph Donald Craven, former Attorney General of Delaware

ALL HONORABLE MEN is the history of the Peace Movement in Delaware in the 1960s. It is also the story of Delaware politics and politicians (all identified) and how these "Honorable Men" conspired to deny the people of Delaware the right to vote their convictions on the War. It could happen again!

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diminish the very real contributions of men like William Hutchinson. It was not they who disgraced themselves, like the profiteers who fattened on war contracts while cheating both the Army and the public. The William Hutchinsons turned out again and again at great risk to help the cause. But victory was the work of another breed of men, who stayed the course in the ranks of the Continentals.

All honor to them. It is easy, however, to honor the dead. The question that lingers after reading these books is whether the American people are more honest with themselves today than they were then. Have we stopped wanting something for nothing? Have we reduced our capacity for patting ourselves on the back while leaving the dirty work to someone else? It would be nice to think so.

Edmund S. Morgan

Edmund S. Morgan is Sterling Professor of History at Yale University and author of *The Challenge of the American Revolution* (Norton).

Scripts for the Pageant by James Merrill

(Atheneum; $12.95, $8.95 paper)

James Merrill brings his epic poem to a conclusion with *Scripts for the Pageant*, the clearest and best of the three parts of his cosmological probe. So now is the time to ask the large question: why should anyone begin an epic poem in the last quarter of the 20th century? Many people readily admit that the age is not ripe for major works; a *fin de siècle* compromise with finials and graceful flourishes seems more the order of the day. One partial answer might be that the epic is an attempt to avoid the burdens of the self. A cosmology, or even a national epic, Whitman notwithstanding, would give the poet a chance to escape the ephemeral losses and misgivings of the "confessional" self. But for Merrill, or JM as he calls himself in his epic role, this is only part of it, for he has chosen to people his afterworld with his departed friends, such as W. H. Auden, Maria Mitsotáki, a woman he knew from his summers in Greece, and now, in the final book, George Cotzias, another Greek friend, and Robert Morse, an American. In fact, many of the most moving passages from the epic concern JM's circle of living friends, especially David Jackson, known as DJ, whose 25th anniversary with Merrill is celebrated in *Scripts*.

Another partial answer: the epic is often conceived of as a compendium of other, "lesser," poetic forms. So writing an epic is the logical next step for Merrill, since his poetic skill always has been protean, sophisticated, ambitious, and often baroque. *Scripts* includes a wide range of smaller genres and forms, including the sonnet, heroic couplets, terza rima, a ballade, and, most important, the masque. Also the didactic function of the epic is here both completed and parodied (a typical Merrill strategy), as *Scripts* presents us with a series of 25 "lessons," complete with classroom setting. The drama of this final book becomes in some senses that of drawing-room comedy, as gossip and ritualized initiation form much of the poem's surface. But drama in a higher sense also occurs when the four angels, the chief protagonists, instruct JM in the secrets of creation, the structure of the universe, metempsychosis, and the final end of things. JM has written a poem that includes everything, everything he feels and has felt, but also everything he's dreamed and feared. He has made *his* world, a way out of himself, but also the grandest act of self-assertion.

But why use the Ouija board as the organizing conceit of the epic, especially when this instrument is often associated with the parlor games of a bored leisure class? Like the Rosicrucian spirits in Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, the Ouija board seems designed to render the cosmic in terms of the cosmetic, turning the largest questions into problems of anxious vanity. However, the board does have the basics: the alphabet, which formed the organization for "The Book of Ephraim"; the 10 numbers of the decimal system, used in *Mirabell: Books of Number*; and "Yes & No," which now serve to mark off the tripartite structure of *Scripts*. Merrill, despite his sophisticated tastes, his hedonism, his anxiety, longs for some set of irreducible principles. He reminds us, for example, that his summer home in Greece is "three flights above the whitewashed water-/front where Pythagoras was born." Even in the most elliptical and complex narrative poems of his earlier books, Merrill pursued basic questions, such as the irreversibility of time, the onward push of mortal things, and the destiny of personality. In *Scripts* he again makes clear one of his aesthetic principles, that the self is a story, that in the simple unfolding of time the complexities of character are manifest. The narrative frame of "First, then, and finally" claims the same structural clarity (or the illusion, the hope of clarity) as does "1,2,3" or "A,B,C" or "Yes and No." One of the spirits in *Scripts* tells JM, "WELL I & MINE/RATHER RESEMBLE TALES WE WERE TOLD," and JM responds, "So do we. Tales shape us, of all kind." JM, as scribe and namegiver, involves himself in deep taxonomic mysteries, and in the confounding clarity of narrative as well.

"Yes & No": taken serially these three words form irreducible language acts, namely assertion, qualification, and denial. Taken all together they form the essence of equivocation, which can been seen as either the fullest sort of language act or the very subversion of language. Merrill, by using this expression as the framework of the final book of his epic, also points toward the question-and-answer format of *Scripts*, the stichomythia between the secular world and the afterlife. But actually there are three levels of discourse involved: JM and DJ, then Auden and Maria, and then the four angels. While Merrill confronts the essential questions of structure, function, and purpose in the cosmos, he also shows that all the questions must be answered equivocally, with yes and no. As scribe he rewrites all the messages that come through the Ouija board; but Auden and Maria guide much of the dialogue; and of course the angels themselves correct and interpret some, but not all, of their own answers. Is it, then, Merrill's poem? Yes and no. Is the poem a projection of interior meanings, the self writ large, or the discovery of exterior "reality," the world measuring the self? Yes and no. Is the message of the poem affirmative or cautionary or doomladen? Is the poem a

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domestic game, a highly displaced paean to Merrill's circle, or a grand literary structure for all to see and admire? Yes and no.

For several reasons, the masque is the most appropriate form to serve as the center of the epic's final book, and JM includes three in *Scripts*. Renaissance masques are both playful and serious, infatuated with stagecraft and spectacle, yet capable of presenting serious philosophical subjects, though often in mythological or allegorical disguise. They also rest on a cultural compact which is essentially elitist, so Merrill's political and cultural values, adumbrated throughout the poem, here find full expression. And JM's sensibility, often neoclassical in his earlier work, indulges in other Renaissance structures as well, especially of a numerological and hierarchical kind. The four angels, for example, each have three manifestations (Emmanuel is the Water Angel, but is also reason and pride, for example), and five immortals (among these are Homer and Plato) also serve as the five senses. The nine muses appear, as do four famous "prophets" (Gautama, Jesus, Mercury, and Mohammed), and the interlocutors from the two previous books, Ephraim and Mirabell, return, often to be thanked for their earlier efforts, but also to be corrected. The discussions and pageants are concerned with such questions as God B's (God Biology) two previous races of creatures who were destroyed (a survivor from the second, a unicorn-like creature called "Uni," acts as a "turnkey" for the classroom where the lessons are held), the problem of population control, the technical details of the poem's verse forms, the arrival of Nabokov (whom JM relegates to silence, claiming the cast is already too crowded), and dozens of other matters great and small. Throughout, JM is the willing and often awestruck student, while DJ, with William Butler Yeats residing in a lump in his hand, acts as fellow scribe and initiate. Much of the delight of reading the poem comes from watching the tension between JM as student and JM as maker of the poem, as amanuensis and "onlie begetter," and the many ingenious ways he does and doesn't resolve this tension. At one point he even advances a set of parallels between the account of the two earlier lost races and his own childhood, as he was preceded by two siblings and his parents divorced while he was still a child. Autobiography and creation myth: by hinting they're the same Merrill deals with a key modernist, and a key American, theme.

Without offering a complete interpretation, of either this book or the whole epic, I think JM is chiefly concerned with the question of what the poem calls "resistance." It is both an idea and a natural force, a form of "innocence." *Scripts* opens with a long discussion of the relation between idea and innocence, borrowing from Blake and others. But "resistance" comes to dominate the second half of the book, as its main idea, its central unanswered question. Very briefly, "resistance"

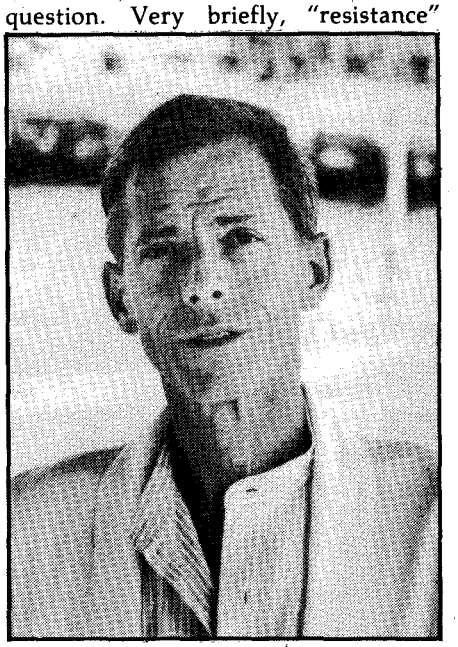

photo of James Merrill by Thomas Victor

keeps time from flowing backward, from sinking into the blank beyond the black of chaos. In the future transumption of the race into "heaven" (there is no hell in JM's world), there will be no "resistance." JM is told by Nature (God B's twin) how man

> WILL YES, SWIM & GLIDE,
> A SIMPLER, LESS WILFUL BEING.
> DULLER TOO?
> IF SO, IS THAT SHARP EDGE NOT
> WELL LOST
> WHICH HAS SO VARIOUSLY CUT
> AND COST?
> WE WILL WALK AMONG HIS KIND
> MADE NEW
> (THE MASQUE CONCLUDED, WE
> & OURS
> STEPPING FROM STAGE TO MIX
> WITH MORTAL POWERS)

By his own admission, JM has always been uneasy with "ideas" as such, and one of his greatest surprises is that his friend Maria had earlier been Plato, and often was partially revealing secrets to JM during their long talks in Greece. JM, in other words, is more a poet of character and personality than a poet of ideas and final answers. But the epic,

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after all, is also definable as the genre that blends the dramatic, the narrative, and the philosophical modes. And so this poem offers us a loving portrait of JM's special friends and a searching but tentative anatomy of the universe. Merrill knows how problematic is the question of the "self-born mockers of man's enterprise," but he has decided to be fully enterprising nonetheless.

Unlike many other long poems, Merrill's improves as it progresses. The egregious punning, the fussiness about detail and the convoluted bureaucracy that made the afterlife sound like a bad version of corporate personnel policies, the overly elliptical syntax (as if Merrill impatiently resented the necessity of providing expository clarity for the reader): if these faults don't disappear in *Scripts* they present much less of a problem than they did earlier, especially in *Mirabell*, for me the weakest of the three books. The creation hymn in *Scripts*, for example, is a triumph of an elevated style free of strain. Merrill always has been willing to borrow styles, to use his eclecticism hungrily, both as a tribute to, and a transgression of, earlier poets. But to write a long poem one has to put aside many scruples. The distinctive thing about JM is that he never lets the reader forget that the question of signature, of uniqueness, is one that can be (and in this latter age, perhaps it must be) approached with a sense of play. Five years ago, Merrill hoped to be measured by Auden and Stevens; now his work asks comparison with that of Yeats and Blake, if not Milton and Dante. But the clearest analogue may be that of Byron, who, desiring a scale both intimate and grand, yet wanting a hero, decided to fill the role himself.

Charles Molesworth

Charles Molesworth's *The Fierce Embrace: A Study of Contemporary American Poetry* (University of Mississippi Press) appeared last fall.

Wilderness of Mirrors
by David C. Martin

(Harper & Row; $12.50)

In the good old days—was it a century ago, or only a decade?—the road to CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia, went unmarked, Congress shrank from knowing of the agency's works, and the public knew nothing of James Jesus Angleton. So we did not know of the self-destructive feuds afflicting our intelligence apparatus, epitomized in the search for a hypothetical communist "mole," until they broke into the open, or quasi-open, in self-justifying revelations by officials sworn to take their secrets to the grave.

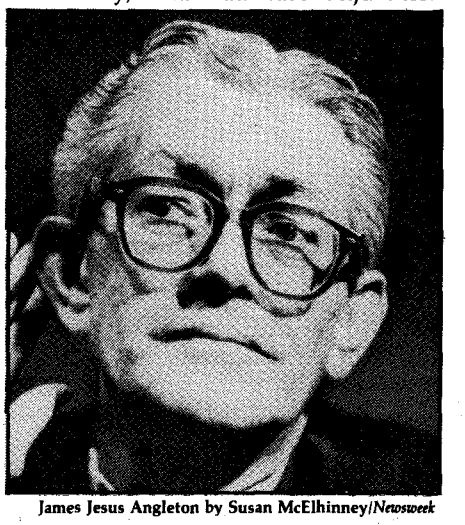
Considerations of national security yielded to self-vindication as authors interviewed spymasters, no strangers to the arts of opinion molding and disinformation. There emerged a literary genre of inspired accounts of the secret civil war, of which David C. Martin's *Wilderness of Mirrors* is the latest and most fascinating.

We owe this genre to a progression of events that started with Watergate. Nixon's aides had enlisted the CIA's alumni, its gadgetry and techniques for their own political enterprises. The president himself tried—the famous "smoking gun" on the White House tapes—to use the agency's cloak for his own cover-up. It was this brush with domestic conspiracy that threatened to focus public attention on the silent service.

In a defensive damage assessment, James Schlesinger, successor to Richard Helms as director of the CIA, conducted an internal review to discover other past improprieties. A "Flap Potential" report detailed a quarter-century of guilty secrets—mail opening, lethal drug experiments, spying on American dissidents, and assassination plots. Long-buried feuds were revived and tremors of recrimination shook the agency. For the first time cracks were opened to press leaks. Long-overdue congressional investigation soon widened the cracks into chasms of exposure.

America's intelligence agency, it became clear, long had been at war with itself. The war had raged at several levels—bureaucrats against adventurers, information analysts against dirty tricks specialists, and most basically counterintelligence against intelligence. The fear of being penetrated by the adversary often had crippled the effort to penetrate the adversary. Corrosive conflicts had arisen over the assessment of the credentials of defectors from the communist intelligence apparatus.

In the center of the arena stood Angleton, the longtime chief of counterintelligence, with his baleful view of monolithic communist unity that did not admit of a Soviet-Chinese split and assumed KGB control of most defectors. The case against Angleton was made by ex-director William Colby, who fired him in 1974, in his book, *Honorable Men*. Writing, uncharacteristically, under his own byline, Colby said Angleton had rejected valuable agents, such as Soviet colonel Oleg Penkovsky, and had cast unjustified



James Jesus Angleton by Susan McElhinney/*Newsweek*

suspicion on loyal CIA officers. In effect, said Colby, Angleton's obsession with defending against the KGB had taken precedence over learning "secret information about the Soviets and their allies."

Angleton's case was made less directly. He appeared in fictionalized form in Aaron Latham's *Orchids for Mother*. His counterintelligence thesis emerged, authoritatively if not with authorization, in Edward Jay Epstein's *Legend*. Epstein suggested that President Kennedy's assassin, Lee Harvey Oswald, had been linked to the KGB and that Yuri Nosenko, a KGB defector, had been sent by the Russians to divert attention from this fact. Other Soviet defectors were portrayed as having been dispatched with the purpose of authenticating the original deception. In the Epstein version, Angleton had seen through the whole thing, and accordingly was crucified by Colby. The suggestion was that blindness, or something more sinister, pervaded high reaches of the CIA.

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Thus arose the theory of the mole, a high CIA official in the service of the Soviets, manipulated by the KGB and frustrating the designs of American intelligence and counterintelligence. Enter David Martin, who first met Angleton in 1974 as an Associated Press correspondent routinely checking a reference to him by Seymour Hersh in the *New York Times*. Martin spent hundreds of hours listening to Angleton spin his theories, but eventually shrank back from the miasma of paranoia to write a damning account of the anti-intelligence that calls itself counter-intelligence.

It is the more damning because it is initially sympathetic, seeking to understand the concerns generated by successive betrayals, such as the defection of the British Kim Philby and George Blake, who alerted the Russians to the tunnel built by the CIA into East Berlin to tap their communications. But Martin finally concluded that the counterintelligence chief had "taken suspicion and turned it into reality," seeing a KGB design in every CIA misadventure or, for that matter, every CIA success. (In the world of counterintelligence, a CIA success had to be viewed as a possible build-up for greater betrayal.)

Skeptical of most defectors, Angleton nonetheless fell under the spell of one. Anatoli Golitsin shared—and fed—Angleton's view of a United States government riddled with Soviet agents. He fingered not only other Soviet defectors, but American intelligence officers, and famous personalities such as W. Averell Harriman and Arthur Schlesinger. In the "wilderness of mirrors" no one was exempt from suspicion. Some CIA officers surmised that the "absolute classic operator" of the KGB could have been Golitsin, who had tried to discredit Nosenko and who had led Angleton into paralyzing much of the American espionage effort.

One further step remained in the great mole hunt. It was taken by a disaffected member of the counter-intelligence staff, Clare Edward Petty. Before resigning, he wrote a long, rambling report weaving together theory and circumstance. It pointed at Angleton himself.

It was, said Petty, admittedly "not a clear-cut case." Yet to him, Angleton was so wrong and so harmful in so many crucial episodes that it could only make sense if he were working for the Russians.

Martin cites the Petty report and outlines the theoretical case against Angleton more as an ultimate absurdity than as a serious accusation, though he becomes so wrapped up in it that one cannot be sure. Yet Martin quotes Colby as dismissing the idea and emphasizing that it was not the reason for Angleton's dismissal, though Colby cannot resist noting that the idea of Angleton as the mole exemplifies Angleton's own "ultra-conspiratorial turn of mind."

If there is irony in the notion of Angleton as a target of the counter-intelligence mania, it is lost on him. He has issued a statement denouncing "the unspeakable allegations" of Petty, as leaked to Martin, and "the shadow which Martin has sought to cast upon my loyalty to my country."

The end of the cycle is not yet. Angleton, defending his Russian mentor's "unique contributions" in alerting the West to "the new menacing dimensions" of Soviet penetration, says there soon will be a Golitsin book. Maybe—if he becomes discontented with trying to speak through others—there will yet be an Angleton book, which could well become a charter for right-wing paranoia. It has been a long time since Joseph McCarthy's hunt for traitors in the 1950s, and Angleton has been writing to supporters about the "intelligence wreckers" who have shattered national security, numbering among them William Colby, Vice President

SECOND CHILDHOOD

The Dolphin singled me out:
Luandinha seconded it.
—Elizabeth Bishop

It did not take forever
to discover they had
no way of telling time
beneath the river's shores.
The fog wrapped everything
in a cloud of wet dust.
But we could see each
other perfectly. How else
could I compare my wife's
with Luandinha's
breasts, and then concentrate
on what she was telling
me while I stared at those
twin stars? I was a man
who had grown accustomed
to catching things that
other men desired.
I had mastered the river's
currents by wading
deep in over my head,
while the others dreamed
of the opposite shore,
or dried out by the fire.
I cut the hollow tree
in half, and had one boat
to spare. Do you think I
ever worried that my friends
would try to reform me?
I taught their women
how to prepare their beds
from moss that was still alive.
Let the rats gnaw and twist
in the dry hay!

At first I
was merely late, missed a
meal or two, so full of
Luandinha's breath. Then
I stopped going home at all.
Since my family still
enjoyed perfect health,
I didn't feel that bad
about staying away.
After all, my first task
for Luandinha, who was
sensitive to the feelings
of children, was sweetening
the dank beach beneath
their porch. I want
to tell you the things
I buried there—but all
I remember is what I
did it for: For the roots
of the plants that became my
family's bread . . . For the leaves
they slept beneath and wore . . .
For the branches they wrote
my name with in the sand . . .

After all the lunar years
spent in the river-depths
with Luandinha, I
have forgotten how to read
anything that isn't written
in silt and sand.
Just take this advice: Treat
all rivers as close friends.
When you fall sick, use
river silt to heal your sores.
And if you see the great
winged Dolphin at the head
of his parade, be the first
to greet him on your shore.

Greg Simon

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Walter Mondale, and Senator Frank Church.

Meanwhile, Martin's tautly written and compelling account of the long secret war in our intelligence community may remind us of what paranoia has wrought. The counterintelligence syndrome tends to define the adversary as omnipotent and our side as impotent. It concentrates on what "they" are doing to us at the expense of what we should be doing to "them." In the name of national security, it fosters national insecurity.

Daniel Schorr

Daniel Schorr, senior Washington correspondent of the Cable News Network, recounted his coverage of the CIA investigation for CBS News in *Clearing the Air* (Houghton Mifflin).

Destinations: Essays from Rolling Stone by Jan Morris

(Oxford University Press; $12.95)

I should admit that I once worked as an editor at the magazine that ran all the essays contained in Jan Morris's new collection. I further admit that, after reading several of these profiles of cities, I contended in an editorial meeting that Houston was a bad assignment for Morris because Britain never owned Texas.

The sigh that echoes through this handsomely designed collection of world wanderings is that same fruity British exhalation of nostalgia and contempt that can be heard in any Indian restaurant in London when the waiter is slow in bringing the curry. It is an anachronistic little sigh, far more becoming to the parodists of Monty Python or the ragings of the most reactionary back-bench British Tory than to a contemporary writer describing some of the more politically and socially dynamic places in the world. Stephen Spender once noted that one of the things outsiders don't like about the British is their propensity for making "claims to superiority which are based on identifying their inferior lives with the great abilities and achievements of their ancestors."

Destinations is a veritable atlas of claims and sighs. The Morris approach to the contemporary world can be roughly reduced to an old Mad Lib party game: 1. From a plane, office, or hotel window, look out over the rooftops of good old _____ (major world capital). 2. Moan nostalgically about the way lovely old _____ used to be before the civilizing influence of the _____-ish (former owners—usually British) empire receded. 3. Note a faint, amorphous _____ (tension, sense of near-revolution, anxiety) in the place. 4. "Potter" on back to Wales.

"Ah yes," instructs the inevitable tone, "it *was* rather nice back when we ran it."

Arriving in Delhi in the midst of Indira Gandhi's repressive "state of emergency," Morris's heart is uplifted because "the Indian capital felt much the same as ever. . . . Britishness is far from dead in Delhi," she finds. In Rhodesia, during the time of the worst fighting in the bush, "the place reverberates with echoes of Dunkirk, the Battle of Britain, Winston Churchill and all that." In Cairo we pass by the British embassy, "once the true center of power in this capital," and again we come to the queen's embassy in Washington, DC (a place Britain not only owned, but saw fit to burn): "Old school loyalist that I am, of course," Morris sighs, "I like the British embassy best."

The sighs even permeate essays about the few places in *Destinations* that are far from the imperial corral. After viewing the ghettos of Los Angeles, the saddest thing Morris seems to find in the city is the ocean liner Queen Mary chained to a dock in Long Beach ("This was the pride of the Clyde when I was a child").

The cities all appear to exist so as to be observed from Morris's seat in the royal box. Trieste is "briefly displayed upon a narrow stage." London is "in between performances." Morris was denied the most rarified view of Los Angeles when a PR man refused her a ride on the Goodyear Blimp because he'd never heard of *Rolling Stone*, but she was able to "smell" corruption in Cairo from a balcony overlooking the pyramids. Everywhere there are sinister hints of doom for which there is no explanation forthcoming other than Morris's own well-traveled intuition. Istanbul betrays an "underlying sense of menace." By the end of the century India certainly will have experienced a "revolution of one complexion or another," but it's not clear from her essay who's in the least bit angry about the status quo.

These essays display a near Jamesian avoidance of grassroots reality, though a comment on, for instance, Rhodesian Camembert is always in order. In her encounter with a miserable street person in Janpath, India, there is an example of why the Talmudic gradations of charity place money given and received by two people who know nothing of each other on the very bottom of the ladder:

> . . . He asked for nothing, but I felt so sorry for him, and for a moment so loved him for his suffering, that I gave him a ten-rupee note, an inconceivable amount by the standards of Indian indigence. He looked at first in disbelief, then in ecstasy and then in wild gratitude, and I left him throwing his hands to heaven, singing, praying and crying, still clinging to his lamppost, and sending me away, slightly weeping myself, to coffee, toast and orange juice. . . .

Morris's cursory treatment of modern London, a place to which Britain still holds title, is little more than a pastiche of tourist clichés with Cockneys playing the role of the happy poor and various peers of the realm and even the queen playing the beleaguered rich, "the suffering of a tired tradition." Morris contends in this essay that the then fulminating way of British racism is really more of a "sport," a game, I suppose, like cricket (which is, for the record, played more adeptly now in every former British colony than it is in England). I agree with Morris that "London Airport would not be its familiar self without the melancholy commiserations of the Indian ladies sweeping up the sandwich crumbs. . . ." The airport would not be its familiar self, all right, because it would be incredibly full of sandwich crumbs. God knows no white Englishman is going to do the wog's work of sweeping floors in public. I mean, thank goodness that hasn't changed.

Laced into a tone that aspires to so much more than travel writing, there is hardly a hint of intellectual connection

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between the facts of current events or conditions in these places and the broad historical knowledge that Morris, as a fine writer of history, possesses. She professes interest in power and writes only about the House of Lords and other halls that used to hold power.

Morris is rarely moved by these places she views from her balconies. Other than the encounter with the Indian indigent, she is "touched" only by a very white-and-pink wedding party in Salisbury, and is somehow "stirred" by the mere sight of Gerald Ford. Most of these essays could have been written with the sole aid of historical prejudices and a few phone calls. Only the essay on Manhattan displays the sincere fascination and wonder of the imperialist travel writers like Doughty and Richard Burton and some of the raging acuity of a late-imperial wanderer like George Orwell. Morris is out to get Manhattan with the same kind of spirit that makes writers want to climb mountains—as Morris climbed Everest—and honest-to-God imperialists want to establish empires. There are no sighs, no backward-looking complaints in the Manhattan essay. But one inspired piece out of 11 is hardly an acceptable ratio.

Donald R. Katz

Donald R. Katz is a New York writer.

Brief Reviews

Nietzsche: A Critical Life by Ronald Hayman

(Oxford University Press; $19.95)

"I will push humanity to decisions which will determine its whole future," Nietzsche once asserted. Ronald Hayman claims that he was suffering from delusions of grandeur. But if ever a writer could justifiably make such a statement, Nietzsche could. Our civilization is at an intellectual and spiritual turning point, and Nietzsche is one of the few thinkers even up to our own day who have understood this. We envision the universe as unrelated to transcendence and void of anything divine; we envision it therefore as a setting for lives exclusively human in their urgencies and aims. This situation is often celebrated. But in fact it imposes imperatives which few have understood and faced. Nietzsche did.

The imperatives of our secularism are above all moral. "When one gives up the Christian faith," Nietzsche wrote, "one pulls the right to Christian morality out from under one's feet." In other words, one cannot rejoice in a world over which the shadow of God is no longer cast and still call on everyone to love his neighbor as himself. Of course a great many do. Even the most self-dramatizing atheists of our time, like Camus, are atheists only metaphysically; morally they remain Christians. "They are rid of the Christian God," Nietzsche wrote disgustedly, "and now believe all the more firmly that they must cling to Christian morality." So far Nietzsche has failed to push humanity to the decisions he thought necessary. But whose is the failure, his or ours?

One need not be a Nietzschean to be on Nietzsche's side in this matter. Even a Christian, believing that if God dies humanity also dies, may feel that there is no hope in the sentimental muddle we live in now and may thus welcome Nietzsche's demand that we square our beliefs with our lives.

Hayman does not, it seems to me, have a firm enough grasp of these issues to make the story of Nietzsche's life fully coherent. Thus we see Nietzsche as a devout Christian in his adolescence and as an atheist in his young manhood. The transition was an event in European history (to say this is not to indulge in Nietzschean hyperbole), but Hayman does not tell how it happened. And sometimes he seems subtly to reduce Nietzsche's intellectual and spiritual weight. Since he fails to bring out Nietzsche's importance as forcefully as he might, his critical comments upset the scales. Thus he passes psychoanalytical judgments that are too casual and assured and that make Nietzsche seem merely a pathetic victim of his drives. And he reproves Nietzsche for generalizing on the basis of inadequate research—professorial censure of a sort from which Nietzsche surely has earned exemption.

Nevertheless, Hayman has written an interesting and useful book—unpretentious, intelligent, and balanced. And he has done something even the most ambitious biographers often fail to accomplish. He has brought his subject to life. He makes the reader feel the heavy burden of Nietzsche's days. Nietzsche's role in the intellectual history of Europe required him to think his way to conclusions that were often strange and frightening and were almost never either understandable or welcome to his contemporaries. This role imposed loneliness, obscurity, and poverty. Perhaps in some way it also entailed homelessness, bad health, and erratic emotions. From all of these, at any rate, Nietzsche suffered during most of his mature life. Hayman presents a moving portrait of the wandering and tormented thinker, often not sure where to go or what to do, frequently arriving somewhere, as at Sils in 1887, "with a violent headache," for 12 hours hardly able to stop vomiting, and finding himself afterward with "a heavy cold, a temperature, no appetite, sleepless nights, giddiness and lassitude." All of those interested in Nietzsche, even—or perhaps especially—those who know the thinker and writer well, will want to become acquainted with the man Hayman presents.

Glenn Tinder

Glenn Tinder is the author of the recently published *Community: The Tragic Ideal* (Louisiana State University Press).

Richard Wright: Ordeal of a Native Son by Addison Gayle

(Anchor Press/Doubleday; $14.95)

What's new about *Richard Wright: Ordeal of a Native Son*, the latest of the seven books on this black author, is Addison Gayle's use of previously classified documents from the files kept on Wright by the US government from the mid-1930s until his death in 1960.

The Freedom of Information Act provided for release to Gayle of these heretofore guarded memos and index cards, privately copied articles and letters, and transcribed wiretaps—many items full of deletions—187 bits and pieces from the FBI along with a handful of sheets from the CIA and other government agencies.

The now unsecret Wright files add up to nothing very surprising. As soon as

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Wright emerged as a leader among the writers in the Communist party, to which he belonged from 1932-40, the government began to spy on him. G-men leafted through his books for evidence of ideas leading to sabotage and "a general breakdown of morals." They took notes on his table talk. It was ironical, some agents felt, that Wright was so quick to villify an American system that had been so good to him: here he was black and a Communist, and still he'd been able to earn an income, in 1943 and 1944, higher than the salaries of any of the agents on his case! And not only could he boast an international reputation, but as they noted, he also had "an attractive white wife."

Wright's essay of 1944, "I Tried to Be a Communist," in which he denounced the party's internecine squabbles and its shifts in policy toward blacks and writers, actually caused the FBI to step up its spying on him. The CP was not radical enough for this dangerous intellectual. So Wright's name was placed in the Security Index Card file, which meant the Bureau maintained a "standby warrant" for his arrest, "to be executed in time of emergency." He could be picked up at any time without due process. But he was not picked up. Instead, as Gayle shows, Wright was followed and harassed; the pressure may have killed him.

He continued writing fiction, essays, and haiku poetry, and he spoke out on political issues. By the late 1940s, he had moved his family to France, and ultimately refused to return to America, even for a brief visit, lest he be ensnared by the House Un-American Activities Committee and kept here. In the end he saw agents everywhere, whites and blacks, new acquaintances and old comrades. Nervous, worried, and suffering a persistent case of dysentery, he died in 1960 of a heart attack. He was 52.

His work endures, however, and not because of this political intrigue. Ishmael Reed is correct that Wright's fiction lives because it is more than cynically sociological: *Native Son*, perhaps his greatest work, is an experimental novel, symbolist as well as realistic, satiric as well as reportorial. The lasting power of Wright's best prose springs from its mercurial swiftness, from the drive and acuity of his philosophy, from the awesome vividness of what James Baldwin has called Wright's "unrelentingly bleak landscape . . . not merely that of the Deep South, or of Chicago, but of the human heart." As Charles Davis has suggested, it is a short step from the nighttown world of Wright to the surreal and grotesque worlds of John Hawkes, Toni Morrison, and Alice Walker, contemporary creators of monsters so terrible that their images, with Bigger's, seem drawn in bright smoke against the sky. No American writer coming after Wright could ignore his achievement.

As a chronicler of that achievement, Addison Gayle is strongest when presenting the new findings about government meddling in Wright's life. He is weakest when retracing steps taken more deftly by Constance Webb, Michel Fabre, and by Wright himself in his two autobiographies. Gayle's logical and critical formulations are sometimes imprecise, his prose often wooden. Worse, his blurrings of biographical fact and fictional creation are often facile and misleading and his "Freudian" analyses are flatly unconvincing.

Robert G. O'Meally

Robert G. O'Meally teaches English and Afro-American Studies at Wesleyan University. His book, *The Craft of Ralph Ellison*, will be published this fall by Harvard University Press.

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Washington Diarist

Baksheesh

Seventeen months ago *TNR* published a nasty anecdote about Billy Carter's behavior on a flight returning from one of his junkets to Libya ("More Adventures of Billy Carter," *TNR*, February 10, 1979). Billy, drunk, wandered around the plane regaling passengers and crew with stories of his visit and showing off a bracelet which he said was solid gold. He said the Libyans had given him four of these, and had given one of his traveling companions, a Georgia state senator named Henry Russell, a solid gold brick. "That's worth a helluva lot of money," he reportedly told a passenger. The difference between accepting a free trip and accepting valuable presents is precisely the legal difference between being a junketeer and being a paid foreign agent, which Billy denied being. An interesting story, we thought, but it sank without a trace. Billy deflected all attempts to get his comment on these proceedings to a Plains associate who claimed to know nothing about it. Senator Russell (who reportedly passed out shortly after the flight began) also denied knowing about any gold bracelets, and said he'd received nothing of value himself. In short, Billy and friends stonewalled. Now Billy has signed a consent decree agreeing to register as an agent of the Libyan government, and listing the *baksheesh* he has received so far from the insane Colonel Qaddafi. Lo and behold, there are the four gold bracelets! (Also an inlaid silver saddle and a $220,000 "loan.") No word yet on the gold brick. Now that Billy admits having gotten the gold bracelets, this as good as proves the second part of *TNR*'s story: that he smuggled them into the country without paying customs duty. When the airplane arrived in Boston, according to our observers, Billy and his party were waved through customs without any inspection. Another Georgia senator in the jolly group declared some items and paid a few dollars of duty, but Henry Russell paid nothing and Billy Carter supplied only his autograph. Will the Customs Service look into this? I suppose every dollar Qaddafi gives to President Carter's brother is one less dollar available to his other favorite charities like the Baader-Meinhoff gang, the provisional IRA, the Japanese Red Army, the Italian Red Brigade, and it goes without saying, the PLO. Next time he's in Libya, Billy must look up my old friend Idi Amin, currently in residence. They can compare notes on Qaddafi's hospitality.

Every time another magazine goes under, we get a small flood of manuscripts with urgent messages from the authors to the effect that "*Literary Digest* was very excited about the enclosed piece and planned to devote half the next issue to it, until. . . ." Often these artifacts help to explain the publication's demise, but sometimes you can pick up a nice article or two in this ghoulish way. We were contemplating a short series to be entitled "Leftovers From *Harper's*," when we learned that the cavalry had arrived in the nick of time, in the form of two foundations that will publish *Harper's* as a nonprofit enterprise. The editor of *Harper's* is Lewis Lapham, whom *TNR* readers may recall from a recent ad for his own magazine in these pages describing Lapham as "brilliant," "superb," "iconoclastic," "eloquent," "first-rate," and so on. Lapham announced to reporters that the continuation of his journal, and his job, "counts as a victory for the best instincts of the American people and for the highest hopes of American pluralism and democracy." Of course the man is being characteristically modest. Everyone knows that *Harper's*, under Lapham's stewardship, has been not merely a beacon of pluralism and democracy, but also a sunburst of hope for mankind and a cure for acne. I blame myself that, when reading Lapham's column, I often cannot figure out what in the world he's talking about. I hope that becoming a charitable ward of the ARCO Foundation will not stifle his jeremiads about the death of rugged self-reliance and the growth of the corporate state.

Those of us who are here in Washington this week are lying low, so no one will know that we are neither in Detroit with the Republicans nor at some appropriate summer spot. I used to summer in Detroit long before it was fashionable. My first visit began as early as March and lasted 18 years. During this extended retreat I picked up much midwestern folk wisdom that easterners without my advantages sadly lack. The location of the Mississippi River, for example. The draft of an article for last week's *TNR* referred to Indiana high school students as "fresh-faced" just like "all high school students west of the Mississippi." The author (from Philadelphia), the managing editor (Georgia), the production manager (Connecticut), the copy editor (Long Island), and the typesetter (Maryland) all concurred that exotic, fresh-faced Indiana must be west of the Mississippi. The essay on Hitchcock in this issue originally misquoted the famous question from *The Thirty-Nine Steps* as, "How Far is Winnebago from Montreal?" Neither the author (Philadelphia), nor the literary editors (Boston and New York), nor anyone further along the editorial digestive track here recognized the difference between the fourth largest city in Canada, Winnipeg, and a manufacturer of recreational vehicles. These recent episodes reminded me of my college freshman roommate, from Boston. Unnerved to find himself sharing quarters with natives of Michigan and Arizona, he bought a map of the US at Woolworth's and would study it for 10 minutes every night before retiring. He was delighted with some of his discoveries, like Chicago and the Rocky Mountains. But once he awoke the entire dorm with a dismayed shriek, "Oh my God, look where South Dakota is!" It seems that the previous summer, in Washington, he had met, and been quite taken by, George McGovern's daughter. After chatting her up for a while, however, he had demanded, "If you're from South Dakota, how come you don't have a southern accent?"

From an interview with Secretary of Labor Ray Marshall, among others, in last Sunday's *New York Times* Week in Review:

> **Q. Would you summarize the errors of public policy of the Carter Administration? . . .**
>
> **Mr. Marshall.** I don't think of any errors that we've made in economic policy. Our main error, if I had to say what it is, is not [doing] a very good job of articulating [it].

This proposition—that the Carter administration's main failure has been in communicating its successes—has become the official party line. It is a special favorite of Hamilton Jordan and Stuart Eizenstat, popping up in almost every interview with them I've read in the past years. Marshall is the first one to add the flourish of demonstrating inarticulateness in the very process of asserting it. The construct is intended to sound appealingly humble-pie, while actually claiming to have no faults except, perhaps, that of excessive modesty. It's sort of a twist on that kids' joke: "I used to be conceited, but now I'm perfect." It also reminds me of Nixon's famous 1968 campaign claim that he had a way to end the Vietnam War, but couldn't reveal it. The Carter people are saying, in effect, "We've done a magnificent job. We just can't explain what it is." Even Nixon, in 1968, didn't claim that he had ended the Vietnam War already.

M.E.K.

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